

The Magazine for Halloweeners and Inbetweeners

Dragazine

No. 6 \$5.95

Gypsy The Lady is a Camp!

Famed *La Cage* Emcee
Gets Aroused About

Mel Brooks
Milton Berle
Joan Collins
Connie Francis
& How To Be (Or Not To Be)
A Well-Known Woman
Of Sorts, Sort of

Plus...

Enchanted by Philthee Ritz
Charmed by Dorian Corey
Swayed by Virginia Prince
Inspired by Wigstock '93
Stunned by Style Summit '93

33



*This Gown Ain't Big Enough
For The Both Of Us Issue*

COFFEE TABLE BOOKS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS!!!

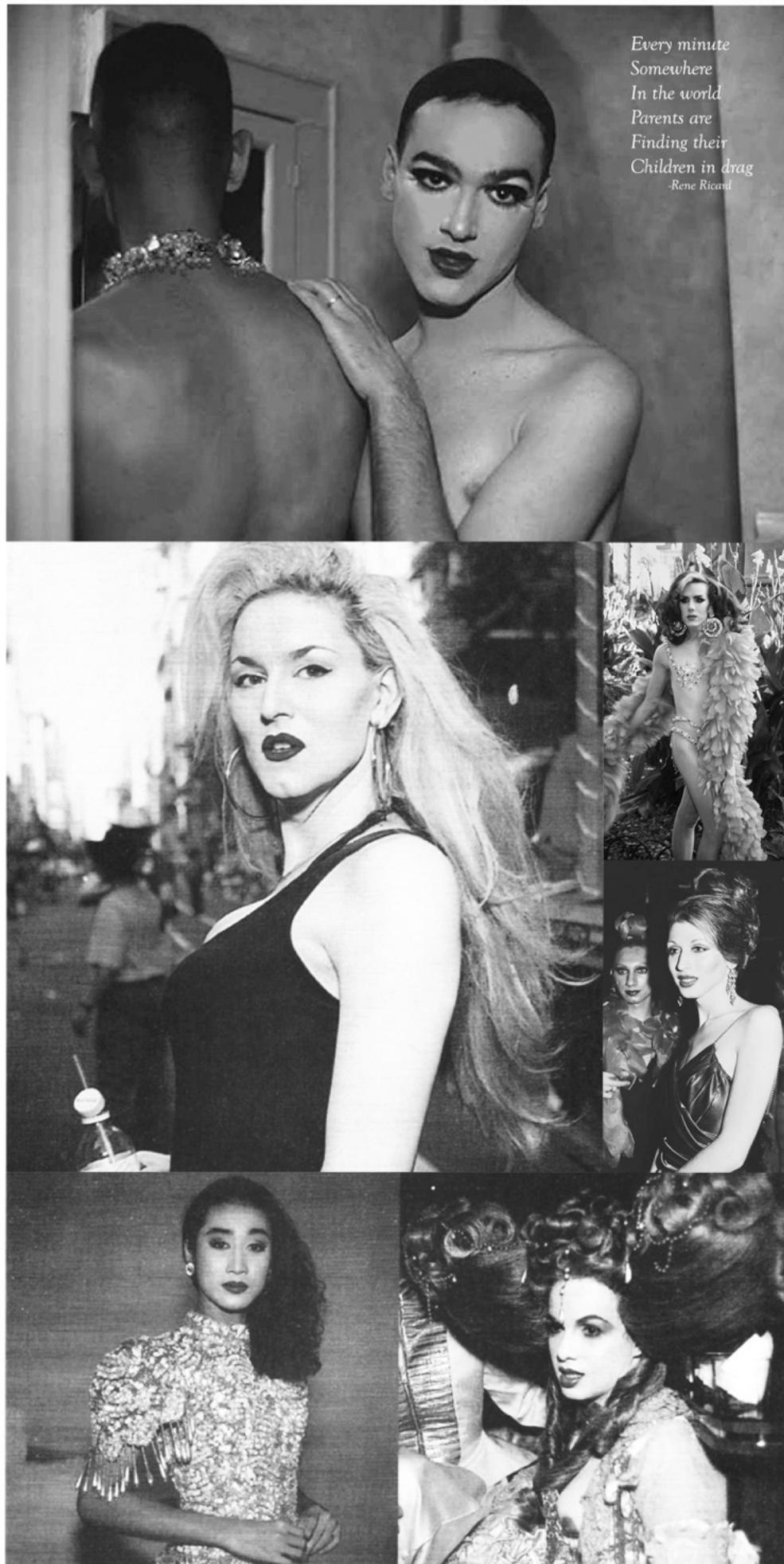
"The Other Side"

The Photography of Nan Goldin
Reviewed by Lois Commondenominator

The Other Side is a worshipful collection of photographs of Drag Queens, Transvestites and Transsexuals that are in the reflection of fashion photographer Nan Goldin's cup of tea. Nan's been sipping that strong brew for most of her professional life, and offers up a taste through this extended family photo album. Nan is not lifting us up to peer through a peep hole, although many of her subjects are exhibitionists. She catches her shape-shifting friends being as off-guard as Drag Queens, or anybody for that matter could be with flash bulbs popping in their faces. Drag Queens and transgendered people were a very marginalized group until quite recently. There were no job opportunities a decade or two ago for people who lived in drag, even in the Gay Community. To survive the lean times, some of the queens collected welfare, some turned tricks, others sewed costumes for each other or sold antique clothes they found at thriftshops. In the early 1970's, Nan hung out at a Boston Drag Queen bar called The Other Side. What kept her in rapt attention was the desire to record these "enviable" people who have experienced the world in two different skins during one lifetime. Nan felt rapport with a group that had so many varieties of desire, herself a bisexual; the Queens who had boyfriends, the Queens who only went with other Queens, the ones who switched gender by day and night. Nan respected the bravery she saw in the crossing of gender borders. According to Nan, some times it takes more courage to remain a Queen than to fit into normal society's version of gender. "After years of experiencing and photographing the struggle of the two genders with their codes and definitions and their difficulties in relating to each other, it was liberating to meet people who had crossed these gender boundaries," says Nan in her book. "Most people get scared when they can't categorize others - by race, by age, and most of all, by gender. It takes nerve to walk down the street when you fall between the cracks. Some of my friends shift genders daily from boy to girl and back again. Some are transsexual before or after surgery, and among them some live entirely as women while others openly identify themselves as transsexuals. Others dress up only for stage performances and live as gay boys by day. And still others make no attempt at all to fit in anywhere, but live in a gender free zone, flaunting their status. The pictures in this book are not of people suffering gender dysphoria but rather expressing gender euphoria. This book is about new possibilities and transcendence. The people in these pictures are truly revolutionary; they are the real winners of the battle of the sexes because they have stepped out of the ring."

*If you don't find *The Other Side* at your local book dealer's (shame on them!), call 800-338-BOOK, or send check or money order for \$42.45 U.S. (shipping included) to: **Distributed Art Publishers**, 636 Broadway, Rm. 1208, New York, NY 10012.*

*Every minute
Somewhere
In the world
Parents are
Finding their
Children in drag*
—Rene Ricard



The Dress Hunt

My instinct tells me I can't keep ignoring ideas and places I'm warned from exploring. Lore pours from dim corners inside of my brains that lured ancient cave dwellers onto the plains. How we howled at the moon and walked the walk, sang all the tunes and talked the talk. Beat the drums and chanted the chants, grunted the grunts and danced every dance. Made holy circles and lit the fires, prayed the prayers and sang in the choirs. Now we take out the trash and mow the lawn, and slip those five inch spiked high heels on!

EDIE TORIAL MESSAGE



If you're a drag enthusiast or just a tourist (and who isn't one or the other?), Dragazine invites you to dish with us! For those of

you who are into 'recreational transvestism,' to others who are on the edge of the Gender Bell Curve, Dragazine is for you! It's a Whole 'Nother World! *XO*

Lois Commondenominator



Gypsy's been that and done there! Page 10



Martin Worman AKA Doctor Drag talks about his glittered past with The Cockettes. Page 28



Gino Colbert drops in on Dorian Corey. Page 36

THE NAME GAME

The Name Game is brought to you by Dragazine's past issues; *The Premier Issue*, *The Unscented Biodegradable Issue*, *The Fat Free Lo Cal Hi Fiber Decaffeinated Issue*, *The Strapless, Backless, Sleeveless, Shameless Issue* and *The Vaginally Challenged Issue*. Please be on the lookout for these future issues; *The Ethically Cleansed Issue*, *The Sylph-Indulgent Issue*, *The Power Tulle Issue*, *The Glamourzilla Issue*, *The Sights Issue*, *The Tucked, Plucked & Duct Issue*, *The Ann T. Family Issue* and *The Fishnetworking Issue*. Be the first one of your species to send your Name Game names to Dragazine, P.O. Box 691664, West Hollywood, CA 90069. And now, fresh from their tour of "The Dying Swan," (or "The Terminal Foul," if you prefer) are The Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo!

Let's meet some of the cast!

Fifi Barkova
Sonia Leftova
Nina Enimeminymimova
Karina Grudj
Elena Kumonova
Noximova
Raisa Legupski
Natasha Notgoudenoff
Vera Namethatunova
The Legupski Brothers

William Vanilla
Margaret Lowin-Octeyn, D.B.E.
Eugenja Repelskii
Gerd Tord
Mikhail Mypansarov
Vasidas Pinski
Ashley Romanoff-Titwillow
Igor Slowpokin
Kilroy Wazir
Santuzza Popolini

From a different Quantum reality?

Buzz Saw
Cary A. Tune
Collin Sick
Hal Loosinashun
Jose Canyoosee
Les Filling
Pepper Spray
Perry Thrust
Reid Mylips
Sherman Tank

Dragazine

No. 6

Dedicated to Dorian Corey, Sister X and Martin Worman

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About Our Fierce Ruling Cover Photo...
Gypsy has gilt written all over him for his close-up in a glamorous photo by Hollywood Model Shops.

About our Super Dooper Back Cover...
Ravishing Queen of the NYC Club Scene Codie Ravioli
Photo: Michael Fazakerley

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by Lois Commondenominator

THE DRAG AGENDA

"Drag Queens launched the modern gay rights movement," said a quotatious **Tori Osborne**, then Executive Director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. She was defending Drag Queen visibility at this year's **March on Washington for Gay Rights**. It was the Drag Queens who started the **Stonewall Inn Riots** in New York back in 1969 as a protest against one too many police raids on gay establishments. **Jerry Falwell's** forces know how to turn a buck while instilling wild and unfounded fears of crossdressers in his flock. He has taken full advantage of the inclusion of the fringe element at the March to market their anti-Gay video **"The Gay Agenda."** Cheers to **Jane Whitney** on her late-night talk show for wondering aloud what was wrong with leather-men and Drag Queens letting it all hang out!

MOVIES

At the movies, Drag innuendo sells tickets! **The L.A. Weekly** reviewer of the Australian surprise hit movie **"Strictly Ballroom"** crowed that "everyone in the movie, male or female, is a drag queen in spirit." While there was no real cross-dressing going on in that movie, we still recommend it too! This year's cross-dressing big-screen derby entry was **"Orlando."** In it, a woman played a man and a man played a woman! We might be splitting hairs, but we think casting **Quentin Crisp** as Queen Elizabeth I isn't much of a stretch. The baroque costume designs by **Sandy Powell** were

fabulous, according to an expert in the field, **Chanel** designer **Karl Lagerfeld**. **Ms. Powell** incidentally did the wardrobe for **The Crying Game**. Be on the lookout for **Johnny Depp** starring in **The Ed Wood Story**! **Ed Wood** became infamous for making the 1950's transvestite classic

"**Glen or Glenda.**" **Ed** actually had a thing for **angora sweaters**, and cast himself in the lead! He is also known for one of the worst movies of all time, **"Plan Nine from Outer Space."** We heard



photo: Edd Russo

SUE DeNIMM HAIR HEIR TO DRAGAZINE NAME GAME FORTUNE!

Sue DeNimm is a very clever columnist whose ongoing writings can be seen in **The Guide**, a Boston-based nightlife magazine. **Sue's** witty list of Drag Queen names from her unpublished book called "Rhoda Book, or 1,001 Drag Queens for All Occasions," is a kissin' cousin conceptually (frighteningly too!) to **Dragazine's** Name Game. **Dragazine** therefore endorses her forthcoming book as your official guide to Drag Queen names. Reprinted by permission, for your pleasure: Drag Queens that live in your refrigerator, by **Dee Frost**; **Mabel Syrup**, **Crystal Light**, **Wanda Bread**, **Bea Feroni**, **Dee Zert**, **Mae O'Nayze**, **Val Veetah**, **Ruta Baygah**, **Sue Keeney**, **Inga Schmuffins**. Now close that door! We don't want **Selma Nilla!** Drag Queens that will bring you internal peace - in the form of a sugar coma, by **Sue Croess**; **Penny Candy**, **Candy Corin**, **Tippi Oka**, **Jilly Been**, **Kara Mellow**, **Leia Cake**, **Marsha Mellow**, **Marah Sheenos**, **Moe Kah**, **Emma Nemmz**. And remember, **Imelda Yormouth**, **Nadia Hand!** Drag Queens that would have made **Henry Ford** proud, by **Tess Drive**; **Sue Baroo**, **Kara Vann**, **Elle Camino**, **Annie Freeze**, **Dora Jarr**, **Vi Null**, **Joy Ryde**, **Carmen Gheeya**, **Chaka Zorber**, **Corinne Theenlether**. And for those pedestrians out there, **Carossa DeGreen**, **Annetta Between!** These are the girls your mother warned you about! Drag Queens from the gutter, by **Lois Level**; **Sue Idge**, **Lydia DeEvening**, **Tammy Whynott**, **Trixie DeTrade**, **Edie Virtue**, **Virginia Arnott**, **Anya Back**, **Sue Pine**, **Megan Whoopee**, **Selma Body**. Perhaps Mom was a bit too judgemental. After all, aren't some folks just **Norma Lee Horny**?

through unnamed sources that **Bill Murray** of Saturday Night Live fame will be playing a pre-op transsexual! Should be a hoot! Speaking of mainstream films, **Los Angeles Times** entertainment columnist **Liz Smith** recently predicted the hot movie theme of late '93 and all of '94:

Transvestism! Somebody must have sold this high concept idea to **Hulk Hogan**, whose movie career could use a shot in the bicep. The ad campaign for his vehicle **"Mr. Nanny"** features **La Hulkster** reclining in a fetching pink

tutu, as if to say "why fight it?" At press time, **"Mrs. Doubtfire"** is a smash hit. Go see it!

GAY AND LESBIAN FILM AND VIDEO

The 11th Annual Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Film and Video Festival was a smashing success, but it had no over-the-top Drag gem like last year's **"Vegas in Space."** Among the runners-up was the biographical film **"Glamazon."** Director **Rico Martinez** fondly remembers the late **Barbara LeMay** as a transsexual sideshow hootchie-kootchie dancer. In the **Frontiers Magazine** review of the movie, **Dragazine** No. 3's covergirl **Gender** got great notices playing an aw-shucks Southern lad. In a flashback sequence, he becomes **Marjorie Flint**, a glamorous drag beauty by night. Some **groovy homo** types will remember **Barbara** near the end of her neon life, when she was a motherly mascot at the now defunct **Trade** up on **Sunset in Hollywood**. The **Trade** connection continues! The larger-than-life **Jackie Beat**, ne coat check "girl" at **Trade**, played a supporting role in another festival entry, the full-length feature **"Grief,"** directed by **Richard Glatzer**. Another glint in the sand that caught our eye was **"Linda - Drag Queen."** Directed by **New**

York's **William Comstock**, **"Linda"** was a collage of a montage of vignettes that was long on Drag value. It was also pure **Nouvelle Vaudeville** du jour du plenty! **"Split - William to Chrysis: Portrait of a Drag Queen,"** illuminated the life of **International Chrysis**, a witty and beauti-

ful trans-genderist and one of surrealist Salvador Dali's inner circle of companions. We also find out in *Split* that an uncontrolled migration of the wax and silicon that gave her those elegant looks is what killed her. The Festival climaxed with "Confessions of a Pretty Lady," starring Sandra Bernhard and directed by Kris Clarke. Kris used a moonlit testimonial by two glamorously decked-out gender-fucked Drag Queens floating in a pool under the glow of tiki torches to extole the virtues of their idol, Sandra. Sandra renders a smashing rendition of Sylvester's disco classic "You Make Me Feel Mighty Real." I felt that Sylvester was there in spirit! He was resurrected again at the Festival when in "Rhythm Divine," another entry, his contribution to the origins of the Dance/Disco music sound was recognized. Other entries of note were 1968's "The Queen," directed by Frank Simon, Holly Woodlawn in "Broken Goddess," circa 1969, "Dress Codes," "Song of the Goddess," "100 Seconds with Sasha" and "Adventures in the Gender Trade." Of special mention were some fun ditties, such as "Judy's Do," a short that all people (including Drag Queens) would have loved. In his unfinished work, "The Year Of The Queer," activist Phil Tarley featured The Sisters Of Perpetual Indulgence, a fabulous group of Drag Queens that also graced the centerfold of *Dragazine* No. 4.

DRAGSTRIP 666

Speaking of promosexuals, come rain or shine, Mr. Dan and Paul V are still keeping the flame lit at Rudolpho's in Silverlake with their monthly Dragstrip 66, where Drag Queens get discounts, not discounted! The themes of their cross-dress parties have included a Hillary and Tipper look-alike contest, The Karen Black Valentine Party, Night of a Zillion Jans (celebrating The Brady Bunch), Night of the Living Dead Icons,

The Class Prom/Luau, Vegas in Space, Hot Pants Sexplosion, and Pajamarama, and for Halloween, Dragstrip 666. Miss X

Girls, we were raided! Just before Stonewall II happened, photo-ops of Drag Queens atop fire engines got us back into the club!

THE OTHER CLUBS

It's time to add the term "Drag-friendly" to your spell-checkers. Some clubs simply have Drag shows, while other clubs are Drag-friendly, so call ahead to check out the scene. The request to list these types of clubs in *Dragazine* has come over and over, but we just can't keep up with the scene when clubs like *J. Edgar Hoover's* and *Prague* come and go before we even publish. Sorry ladies!

PLAYS

Thanks again to TM for his *Big Apple* clippings and footlight reportage! If you were in New York this year, you might have seen; *Charles Busch* star in "Dressing Room Divas" by Sal Emmino and Dane Hall, the devil as a crossdresser in *The Glines* and Postage Stamp Xtravaganza's production of "Prime Time Prophet," a Drag explosion by Howard Crabtree called "Whoop Dee Doo," *Shakespeare* under the Drag influence in the Rainbow Rep's production of "The House of Lear," *Dagmar Onasis* cross-dressed to the nines singing opera, another *Shakespearean* influenced gender bending comedy called "Tarts!" at the *Vortex*, an influx of French lipsynching DQ's in "Les Incroyables" at *Kaptain Banana*, and of course the Tony Award winning "Kiss Of The Spider Woman," starring Chita Rivera, on



THAT'S JUST EMPIRA!

If you've been to Dragstrip 66, or Flirt, or Plush, or *J. Edgar Hoover's*, or *Candy*, or the RuPaul Ball, you've probably bumped into Empira. (S)he's hard to miss, what with being a mustache-wearing Dragvestite who's six-and-a-half feet tall. If you were to visit Empira's home, the coffee table might have the latest copies of *Dragazine* and *Guns and Ammo* mixed in the same pile. For Empira, the simple pleasures in life include shopping L.A.'s garment district on the weekends to find just the right ensemble for the next "drag-friendly" event. The weekends are also when retail shoppers get wholesale prices for earrings, stockings or a new bandeau! With the stealth of *Sherlock Holmes*, Empira has deduced that the new large-size shoe shipments come in on Wednesdays over at *Pickway Shoes* on Hollywood Boulevard. Empira recommends that smart Drag Queens carry along a small roll of electrical tape in their clutch purses for emergencies. This helps with the occasional uncooperative loose fitting high heel that must be subdued by taping down just so, for a truly tightened grip and the added benefit of a makeshift ankle-strap. Emp likes to quiz prospective female dates about their knowledge of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (yes, Empira has a soft spot exclusively for girls, but never turns down being fought over by us admiring boys too!). The depth of a prospective date's *Rocky Horror* knowledge helps gage her coolness factor and test the waters for springing the subject of Empira's occasional proclivities. Empira sprang up somewhere in the North West, and fondly remembers Opposites Day in high school as a "safe" cross-dressing event that foreshadowed future patterns, like getting a broken wrist from falling off high heels while slipping on a grain of rice upon walking down a flight of stairs. Dr. Frank N. Furter says *Don't Dream It, Be It!* Empira obviously lives by that motto, therefore Empira is *Dragazine* Number 6's Man in a Dress!

performed at the *Vegas In Space* show, accompanied by the splendiforous director Philip R. Ford. Also attracted were the L.A.P.D. and the Fire Department on a trumped-up charge of over-occupancy!

Broadway! If you were in L.A., you might have seen the most wonderful "A Tuna Christmas" at the Pasadena Playhouse, or *Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo* at El Camino College, leading one

to observe that New York retains its pre-eminence as **Drag Central**. The monster Drag parties this year were **New York's Style Summit** and **Wigstock**. Please see the photospreads for pictures that say millions of words without the benefit of vocal chords.

PERFORMANCE ART

If you hate Shannon Doherty of **Beverly Hills 90210** fame, then you should have been at the **I Hate Brenda** party at the **Park Plaza Hotel** in **Los Angeles**, where the Latin American singing Drag Queen group **Cholita** performed to the delight of the crowd.

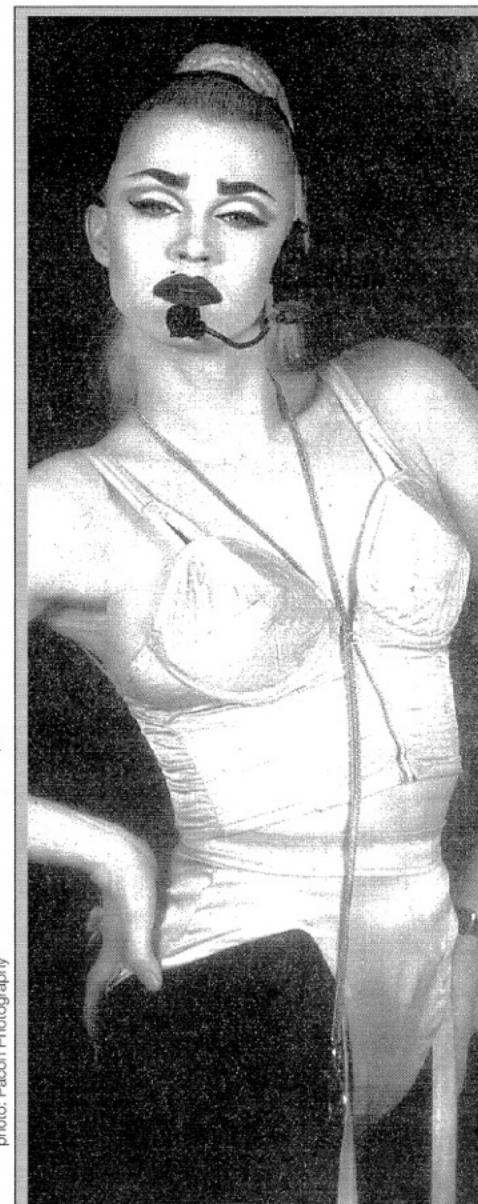
Nightclub hoppers would have made it to Australian import **Paul Capsis**' show at **The New York Company**, **Joey Arias** and **Holly Woodlawn** at **Prague**, **RuPaul** at the **RuPaul Ball** at **The Palace**, **Jim Bailey** at the **Cinegrill**, and **Troupers** at **Rage** (Saturdays).

PRINT JOURNALISM

As far as print journalism is concerned,

Genre Magazine has been impressing the hell out of us lately. They had a wonderful Drag photospread of **Lysinka** and **Charles Busch**, and recently interviewed comedian **Scott Thompson** (a Drag Heart Throb if ever there was one!) from the comedy troupe **Kids In The Hall**. The Kids are well known to utilize Drag in their act, and we suspect that Scott is the ringleader in that direction. On a sad note, **Sister X** of **The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence** has recently succumbed to AIDS after being a shining example of how to live with it for many years. She will be missed by many people. Her presence on this earth blessed many lives. If you wish to keep up with the Sisters, they have a newsletter now! Contact **Dragazine**

about subscriptions. On a lighter note, the **L.A. Times** had a warm and friendly visited with **Flip Wilson**, giving a generous amount of space to a giant photo of his **Geraldine** persona he made famous in



IF MADONNA HAD TO TUCK

*What would Madonna be doing in line at McDonalds? Chances are it's Kelly Michaels, professional Madonna impersonator, who's been performing in Las Vegas at Boylesque. Rick Sandack interviewed Kelly recently about how it feels to be stalked, hounded, mauled, cheered, jeered at and gawked at, called a slut, bitch and whore, just like the real Material Girl! Twenty-something Kelly's been dressing like Madonna since he was 17 and living in the South. Any similarities end from the waist down, however, and that's the way he likes it. For a time, he took hormone shots and had breast implants to become even more like the star he's been obsessed with since his teens. Kelly wanted **Dragazine**'s readers to know about the pitfalls of what can happen sometimes when you're a fanatic. The hormone shots tormented him and the breast implants caused arthritis-like symptoms to develop in his chest. "I'd be in a nightclub or a bar and all of a sudden, I would start crying for no reason. My skin got extremely soft and I started getting cramps." He's recently had his implants removed because, "they were fun at first, but eventually I could tell when it was going to rain 'cause my titties ached. My doctor ripped all the muscles putting them in." He adds, "I could have become the world's first Madonna lookalike weathergirl!"*

lowed society's pendulum swing of glamour-binging and purging. Thank you to **Ralph W. Judd** for continuing to preserve images of stars doing Drag turns! We reviewed Ralph's wonderful **Drag Gags**

Returns in our last issue. He's been regularly supplying vintage photos to publications such as **Kymberleigh Richards**' fabulous magazine **Cross-Talk** and **Nancy Anne Howes**' wonderful newsletter **The Rochester Network - C D News**, among many.

TRANSVESTITE NEWS

Don't surprise your boss by coming to work in Drag in the state of **Washington**. According to **Ann Landers**, their Supreme Court spent taxpayer money this year to establish the right of businesses to fire male employees who show up for work in women's clothes. Furthermore, male employees may not use bathrooms that are not "anatomically correct." Somebody should tell Europe's top haute couture designers, because their runways are full of men's-wear wearing women for **Fall '93**. If you're a died-in-

the late '60s on **Rowan & Martin's Laugh In**. Bravo to the **Washington Post** for their massive 3/11/93 article in the Style Section entitled "Kingdom of the Drag Queens," by **Paula Span**. Thank you to **Newsweek** for **Patrick Rogers**' 7/12/93 article, in which his mainstream audiences learned that "Cross-Dressing Crosses Over." And finally, **Inches Magazine** (!) called **Dragazine** "L.A.'s hottest new magazine!" in their 10/93 issue! Did anyone read the cover article in the **Los Angeles Reader** of 6/25/93? Journalist and sometimes lead vocalist **Pleasant Gehman** nailed down the local East L.A. Drag scene, then obtained a sound bite from **Dragazine**. We were quite quote-acious and explained that Drag popularity fol-

the-wool transvestite, you'll be planning on going to the **1994 IFGE (International Foundation for Gender Education) Coming Together Convention** in **Portland, Oregon**. Contact **Jennifer Richards**, P.O. Box 9433, St. Louis, MO 63117, for more info. Congratulations to **The American Educational Gender Information Service (AEGIS)**, publishers of **Chrysalis**, who had their third birthday bash on 7/21/93 in **Atlanta**! Don't forget **Southern Comfort in Atlanta**, from 9/29/93 to 10/3/93. If you're a traveling queen, then you might have gone to **EuroFantasia**, 5/8/93 to 5/15/93 in **Ebeltoft, Denmark**, brought to you by **Jenny Sand of Sandness, Norway**. You can catch up with

all the news for transvesting conventioners by subscribing to **Cross-Talk**, the News & Information Monthly for the **Gender Community**. If you have an event of Regional, National or International interest, please send your information to **IFGE Calendar**, P.O. Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778.

CORPORATE AMERICA

Sacks Fifth Off clothing stores advertising campaign featured a beautiful DQ Diana Ross look-alike in **Venice Magazine** of 7/93, proudly saying "This Ross Cross-Dresses For Less at Sacks Fifth Off." **Pride Beer** micro-brewery featured a gay and festive partying Drag Queen in their fierce 8/6/93 **Planet Homo** ad. Go buy a trapeze dress and drink a brew to show your support! Finally, thank you to "Lady" Bunny and **Wigstock 1993** for dedicating this year's celebration to the memory of **Dorian Corey**.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Halloween on Santa Monica Boulevard was a smash! Especially since I was joined by my new Drag buddy **Leigh de Santa Fe** from New Mexico! Leigh and I did a private party on 10/30, then went to the **Queen Mary** to visit the local spots on her itinerary. Then Sunday night on the Boulevard was worth shooting five rolls of film over. Oh! The developing! **Chi Chi La Rue** had a fabulous birthday bash on 11/5/93, and a who's who of the Southland's premier DQ's and club types were in attendance, including **Marilyn, Candy Ass, Bradley Picklesheimer, Markie Modelle, Crystal Crawford, Erin Krystal**, and last but not least **Holly Woodlawn**! Holly and I chatted about her book "A Low Life In High Heels," in between cha chas and rhumbas. Chi Chi looked groovy in her rubber a-line and fishnet bodysuit. Chi Chi, I hope you live to be 200!

THE FUTURE

What's there to look forward to? Lots! Your presence is expected at 1994's **Stonewall 25** celebration, held in June in New York, so make your reservations now. Go out and buy "Whores of Lost Atlantis" by Charles Busch! Check out **Pussy Tourette's** new album, "Pussy Tourette in Hi-Fi!" Until next time, may you always find your size in the shoe store of life! Now, get dressed, get out and get seen! LC/

COSMIC DANIEL (PRONOUNCED DAN YELL)

Should Aquarians wear wedgies or sling backs? Would a Taurus look best in a muumuu? If you're concerned that your sign conflicts with the pattern on your patterned pantyhose, then call Daniel A. Hernandez, otherwise known as **Cosmic Daniel**. Cosmic Daniel does private readings and works for the **Psychic Friends Network** as a professional Astrologer. He'll look up your charts, down your rising sign, read your beads and let you know what fem ensemble best suits you, according to the stars. Of course, he'll do your natal chart too if you really press him. Besides being an actor, performance artist and activist, Daniel also teaches classes in the many aspects of Astrology, covering fundamentals such as charts, the zodiac, planetary influences (such as You and Uranus), and the new field of asteroids! To get Daniel on the line, please call 900-737-3225 and ask for extension 6339. Isn't your future worth at least \$3.89 per minute?

IF YOU CAN'T REACH OUT & TOUCH DANIEL, STICK HIM IN YOUR VCR!

You might have caught Daniel a few years back performing his outrageous multimedia slide-show side show act at the old **Limbo Lounge**. More recently, Daniel co-starred with **Glen Meadmore** and **Goddess Bunny** among other notables in "The Drift," a collectable Drag-Queen infested late 80's period piece remake of "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," directed by the droll hand of **John Aes-Nihil**. In this turgid tale, Daniel is best friends with **Glen** who plays the **Mrs. Stone** character. Daniel's big turn comes when his character pleads with **Glen** repeatedly, over and over, again and again, time after time, incessantly, vehemently, insistently, overbearingly and intensely that she must meet her in the lady's room right now! According to the liner notes written by the obscure film fancier **Alex St. Ives**, "The Drift" is a complete travesty. It is an obscene and tantalizing tragedy best suited to those whose existence lies cradled in the sweaty arms of misery. I can't recall when so many unhealthy elements have merged to form something such as this: a concentrated miasma of murdered desire and cultivated despondence. This is the story of an arrogant woman and the men forced to endure her neurosis. She's a wreck! In the course of her life, she periodically flirts with sensitivity, but then her obsession with poverty inflates so dramatically that it suffocates her simple dream of being a farmer's wife. The Drift illustrates a world of too much etiquette, just enough silverware, and not nearly enough champagne." For your copy, please indicate you are 21 years or older and send a postal money order for \$28 U.S. (\$2 U.S. for overseas) to **Aes-Nihil Productions, 7210 Jordan Ave. #B-41, Canoga Park, CA 91303**. Cosmic Daniel - a Renaissance Drag Queen!



A gratuitous photo of **Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, MEGA Super Tsarlettes!**



Rasko

J. EDGAR (MARY) HOOVER

WE HARDLY KNEW YE

By now I guess everyone has heard that J. Edgar Hoover was a transvestite. The synapse that carries those two ideas to the brain is in danger of collapsing under the strain! According to a new book however, he was part of the sorority that favors organza and false eyelashes, and now we must integrate him into our world.

He wasn't just a transvestite. He was an "evil" transvestite, ignoring the evils of organized crime in his pursuit of commies and Martin Luther King! Here's the testimony of a mobster's wife who said she saw Hoover at a party "dressed in a black chiffon dress, very short with ruffles and black lace stockings and high heeled shoes, a black curly wig and black false eyelashes." Well, he can't be faulted for taste! This outfit sounds like what I wore on my last outing.

To his credit, he was faithful as a bulldog to Clyde Tolson, his constant companion of some fifty years. Apparently the Mafia got a picture of Hoover hoovering Clyde and used it to get J. Edgar to turn a blind eye to its activities. Hoover, in turn, used his F.B.I. resources to blackmail his employers who were obliged to keep him on as director of the F.B.I.

It sounds like we have the makings of a very Ortonesque farce here. If only Rock were still around! It's the perfect Tony Randall/Rock Hudson vehicle. Maybe we could get Doris to play J. Edgar. Nah. She's too butch.

Picture this: "Clyde and J. Edgar: A Love Story," with Vincent Gardenia and Art Carney. It's a silent film with much of the action taking place in bathroom stalls. The film is introduced by Dr. Frank Baxter who tells us that "transvestism is a curable disease and does not always lead to homosexuality or the persecution of civil rights leaders." Then he launches into a discussion of the relative merits of chiffon over satin. "In 1948, I constructed a butterfly net out of tulle but I do not feel it was a homosexual act," says Dr. Baxter, referring to a complicated chart that delineates all the delicate permu-

tations and the tricky taxonomies of drag. "The Drag queen. The Street Queen. The Closet Queen," Dr. Baxter intones.

Curtain rises on a hotel room in 1959. Clyde is zipping up a bitchy J. Edgar into a short black dress with a marabou hem and collar that invariably gets into Clyde's nose. The zipper breaks. They fight about J. Edgar's weight and Clyde storms off while J. Edgar sits down by his vanity. With slow methodical strokes he brushes out his wig and drifts into a reverie about their first meeting in a rest room at Penn Station. He addresses the camera, "Oh, he's not much to look at now but if you had seen him in those days." Wavy lines and cut to G-Man Hoover following Tolson (Possible Queer) into the bathroom. The stalls go on forever and Clyde has disappeared into one. It's an

"I met you in a rest room at Penn Station. Was it love then, or just sensation?"

Alice in Wonderland scene and G-Man Hoover begins a slow walk down the tiled floors dropping down on all fours occasionally to look for those adorable brown wing tips. As he peers under one door it opens in front of him like Ali Baba rolling away the stone.

"Come and get me, G-Man!" says Clyde from his throne. Hoover, on all fours anyhow, crawls into the stall and the door shuts. End scene one.

Scene two: Two chauffeurs are leaning against their limos outside F.B.I. headquarters. "I'm telling you, Artie, I saw him go down on that guy. He looks in the mirror at me and then he goes down on the guy." "Well, whaddaya want, Harry?!! He's in love."

O.K., then we go to the montage scene which is accompanied by music of the bustling big city. You know, the Gershwin knock off with lots of brass standing in for traffic. Visually, it's a whirlwind tour of dingy rest rooms and Cheshire grins spilling over with cur-

dled spunk finally coming to rest in a little drive-in chapel outside of Elko, Nevada where G-Man Hoover in white bridal gown weds Clyde as a phalanx of very nervous agents check the windows. This could be a big musical number.

*J. Edgar sings: "He's my he-man and
I'm his G-Man,
We met in a place with lots of semen.
If I hadn't been on my toes
Who knows?"*

Agents join in a very male chorus reminiscent of South Pacific's "Bloody Mary is the Girl I love."

Nah, this is getting to low brow. Maybe this should be one of those Peter Sellars' operas or like "Nixon in China." Long droning arias that go on forever to a Phil Glass beat.

*"I met you in a rest room at Penn Station.
Was it love then, or just sensation?"*

*I remember the feel of your heel on my neck
I remember losing my self respect but your dick
was so long and delicious. And though
I'm professionally suspicious I never thought
you were queer. We were just two G-men in love."*

The big finale would be a masquerade party at Roy Cohn's. The place is packed with mobsters but all J. Edgar can think about is the run in his hose. Roy is an ass. Phlegmatic even by Robert Wilson's standards, he's played by Georgie Jessel. J. Edgar sings a Sophie Tucker-esque lament to Joe McCarthy.

*"Those were the days, my friend.
When they sought my advice.
Not like today. Not at all.
And Joe, well, Joe took the fall.
And he never got thanked.
And he drank but when they got Hiss
I gave Clyde a kiss. It doesn't get sweeter than this."*

A postscript scene after Clyde's stroke. J. Edgar is rudderless without his main man. He sits in a rocking chair dressed like Whistler's Mother, like Tony Perkins in Psycho, and next to him Clyde in bed, vegetative. Fade to black. What do you think? Off Broadway? Off Off Broadway? If only the Cockettes were still around! This could be bigger than "Trisha's Wedding!"





GYPSY!

“The Lady is a Camp!”

with Lois Compton

Who is Gypsy?

I was born James Haake on Valentine's Day in Montclair, New Jersey. I got the name Gypsy from when I was a dancer on Broadway in musicals, and dancers are called gypsies.

I'm an un-mainstream character actor, who had become famous as a sort-of female. I don't impersonate anyone.

When did the show biz bug bite you?

I did some plays while I was in high school. I also did walk-ons at The Paper Mill, a famous playhouse in Milburn, New Jersey.

How did you develop your style?

I became a waiter at Jimmy Murray's Sea Shack on Fire Island in the early to middle 1960's. I entertained the tables. One thing led to another and we started doing little shows.

What about the New York connection?

When the season ended, I came back to California to visit my best friend of 33 years, Larry Bordeaux. Then, I got job back in New York as a waiter at The Painted Pony on 3rd Avenue and 84th Street. It became quite an 'in' little spot. I began creating images like Connie Francis, doing my version of Where the Boys Are. I was there for about 3 years.

Then, some people opened a club on the east side and called it Gypsy's, where I became the host. I would get at the piano and do all these mad little songs and wear funny things.

The bar became very famous and popular. Chita Rivera started coming in! Several people got their starts there, like Nell Carter and Jane Oliver! It was a wonderful era. That lasted up until about 1977.

Let's talk about being at La Cage for 12 years. What lead to that gig?

I decided to go home and retire. I came back to California and decided to get a job as a houseman. I started working for Sid Sheinberg and Lorraine Gary, who were married to each other. He is the President of MCA and also the head of Universal.

While grocery shopping one day, I bumped into Tony DeSantis who had been a choreographer on Broadway. He told me about a big club opening in Los Angeles called La Cage Aux Folles, where some female imperson-

ators from Hollywood were performing, and I went opening night as his guest. I put on a suit and took my friends Vivian Blaine, Vincent Minelli and Connie Stevens.

The choreographer suggested to the club owners that they could use someone like me a few nights a week. I got a bathing suit that I jeweled, put on full face makeup and went on stage with my spontaneous act. I became the star of the show and was there 12 years!

Did you try out for the musical version of La Cage when it came to Broadway?

Alan Carr wanted to take me to New York to be the star in the musical. I was to play Albin. When he got to New York, he went to see a young man who had just opened his own Off Broadway play. Alan decided to cancel the project and sent me back to Hollywood with nothing, and hired that young man to rewrite the book for La Cage. The young man's name was Harvey Firestein. That must have been a blow! How did you get to work with Mel Brooks?

I went back to La Cage on La Cienega. While I was on stage, a woman in her early 30's came into the club and happened to watch my performance. She asked if I could come to 20th Century Fox to get some input about what I thought an almost middle-aged homosexual man would act like in war-torn Warsaw in 1939. Homosexuals had to wear pink triangles because they were going to be put in concentration camps. She was the casting director for the re-make of To Be Or Not To Be.

Mel Brooks and Ronnie Graham from the Duplex writers group had decided to put something new in their version. In the original film, the Carole Lombard character did not have a dresser, like Courtney was in The Dresser. They thought that by adding this new character, it would update the story, and Mr. Brooks wanted to get across the fact that the gay Holocaust victims wore pink triangles, which had never been done before. How did you beat out more established actors?

The casting agent gave me the script to study. While we were reading aloud during one of the sessions, she asked me how one would act being chased by the Gestapo, and

if Anna Bronski decides to hide you in her dress, how would I come out on stage with all the girls. Then, out pops Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft from the next room. He kissed me on the cheek and she kissed me and she said, "Well kid, get yourself an agent, because you are Sasha! You are going to play co-star with us." I said, "I do not know how to act." Mel said, "we'll just have to take our chances." Miss Bancroft said, "No we won't - I will coach him myself!" Anne Bancroft coached me for 8 months! Your portrayal of Sasha broke new ground in many ways!

Yes, and that's also my place in film history! No female impersonator in the United States has gotten to the point where their name was submitted for an Oscar nomination as my name was. Charles Durning got the nomination, but I did receive the Best Foreign Actor of the Year from the British Film Critics. My name was submitted for a nomination, and of course, I got all the publicity from that. I got the role, and I got an agent - Irv Schechter and Eleanor Berger. It was all quite wonderful! I'm a part of history now.

What other roles might we have seen you in?

I've done 5 major films and 32 television appearances. I've been on *Dynasty*, and was even on the *Max Headroom* series. Jane Fonda asked me would I play Frankie in *The Morning After*. I met with her and Sidney Lumet and got that role. Jackie Collins asked me to play Coco in *Hollywood Wives*.

Then, there was my role on *Married With Children*. Divine was to play Uncle Otto. On that Monday, they found him dead in the motel. He had just had a big movie come out, *Hairspray*, and this would have been his first major legitimate television appearance.

My agent called up and said they're picking you up and taking you over to Gower Street Studios, don't ask questions. I had no idea what had happened. I had just seen Divine two nights before. So that's how I got the role of Uncle Otto.

Where do you get your fabulous gowns?

Busty O'Shea, who used to be one of the stars of *La Cage*, made several of my gowns.

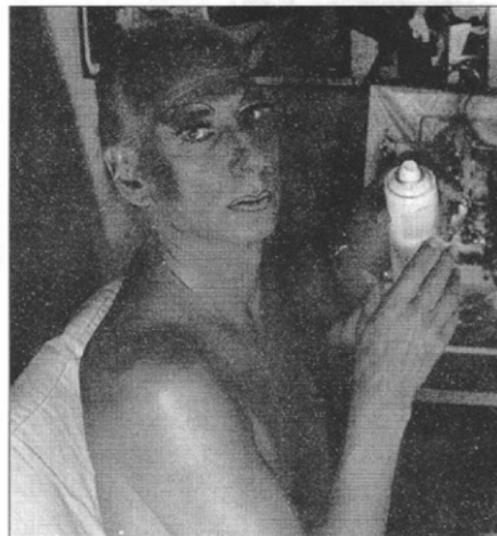
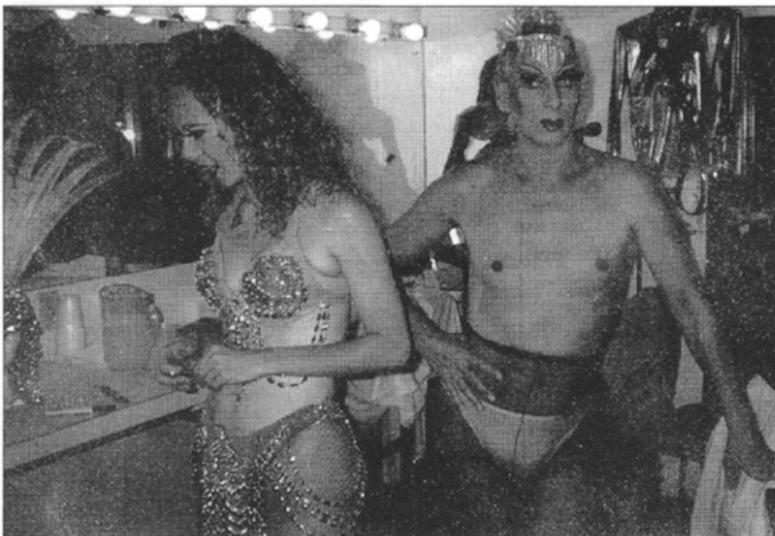
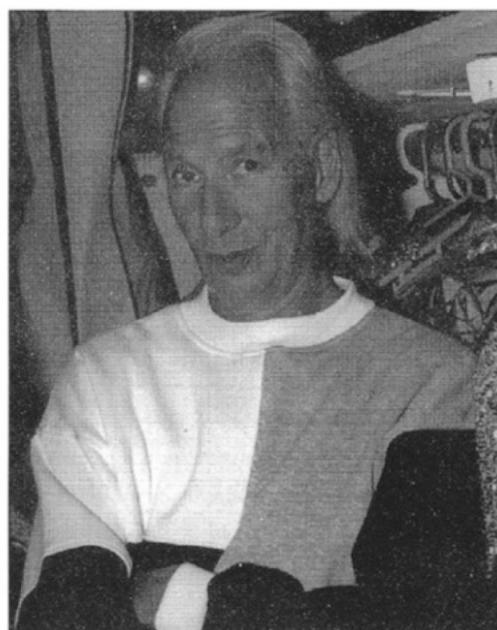


photo: Sally Sartor



Joan Collins has given me many gowns from Nolan Miller. I have 22 Bob Mackie gowns. Steven Urich, one of the great designers of America, has actually given me gowns. Luis Estevez has given me many gowns, Mr. Blackwell has too! I have Scassi and Mary McFadden. **What size are you in women's clothes?**

I can fit into an 8 or 10 in expensive gowns, while I need an 11 in cheap dresses. I have 320 gowns! I wear a 9 shoe in women's, and an 8 in men's. I wear a 38 regular in men's suits.

Any tips on makeup or dressing?

I don't wear makeup to look like anyone, and each night I'll do something different. I'm sort of hairless so I don't shave very much. I hide my blond eyebrows with color. I never wear wigs, and I don't wear tits. What you see is what you get! I wear hats a lot.

Give us an idea of what your live act is like.

My main character, Gypsy, is all about twisting an audience's preconceived ideas. I come on stage in a \$5,000-\$10,000 gown with great legs and a great figure. I am the bridge between reality and fantasy.

It's really aimed towards men. Men are basically fantasizers. The men feel safe because they know I'm not going to come on to them because I'm too busy putting them down, and the women know I say things to their men that they've wished they could say for 30 years!

I go into the business of telling the guys that I used to be just like them. The women scream and the men are going Not Me Man! I introduce the acts by saying, "The world of superstars! People that you'd have to pay \$100 a ticket to see, but tonight you'll see a whole evening of them on this stage, superstars!"

What was the most embarrassing moment you've had while on stage?

We taped a show called Milton

Berle Invites You To an Evening At La Cage Starring Gypsy at the Riviera. I stepped out on stage, and the audience screamed and stood up. I thought, my God! This is the first time I've gotten a standing ovation before starting my act! Milton Berle and Joey Bishop had mooned the audience behind me and I didn't see them!

What type of audiences have given you the most trouble?

A lot of business men. The men always have to look to see if anybody's laughing, so they don't get caught laughing at something they're not supposed to. Men are that insecure.

What do you think about other Drag acts?

Well, Dame Edna is a fabulous character! He's making millions, and I think he's absolutely wonderful! He's years younger than I am. He has done his thing and found his character, and now he's trans-Atlantic.

Charles Pierce is a brilliant writer and director. Jim Bailey took characterization to a new plane. Craig Russell was one of the great human tragedies of the theater. Jimmy James has taken himself from *La Cage Aux Folles* lipsyncing as Marilyn into vistas that he knew he possessed. Lypsink is doing a great job out there too. Nobody other than Marlene Dietrich or Josephine Baker ever staged a show like Danny LaRue. Jackie Mays, the LaVerne Cummings from the *Jewel Box* Review, Francis Stillman and Leon Laverdy were all famous female impersonators.

TC Jones, who was one of the earlier performers. He did the first female impersonator role in an Alfred Hitchcock episode on television! He came out as a nurse, and no one knew that was a man until the end! He was the murderer! TC was wonderful!

RuPaul, who is 6'8", probably over 7" with all that cotton candy hair, is quite unique! RuPaul is sort of the 90's version of one of the Andy Warhol people.



photo: Stephen Vaughan/20th Century Fox

forming as a female impersonator, you're going to create an image of a person other than yourself. The most important thing is, when you're on live stage make every evening your first performance. If you can get into that excitement within yourself, it will come over the footlights.

Where can people see you perform these days?

A man who owned the famous hotel, the Chateaux Marmont, put a *La Cage* show together in Florida and I went there this past season. The show became an instant hit! It's called *La Cage Miami*. We were at Le Violin Supper Club for this last season. I just opened in Helsinki, where I did 8 weeks at the Hesperia Hotel.

I'll be going to Berlin, London, Helsinki, Brussels, Spain, all this next year, and then back here. Anyway, that's how I got to be what I am, and that's what it's all about.

Gypsy, you are an inspiration!

For further inquiries, write to:

Irv Schechter
9300 Wilshire Blvd.

Suite #410
Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Why is Drag more popular than ever?

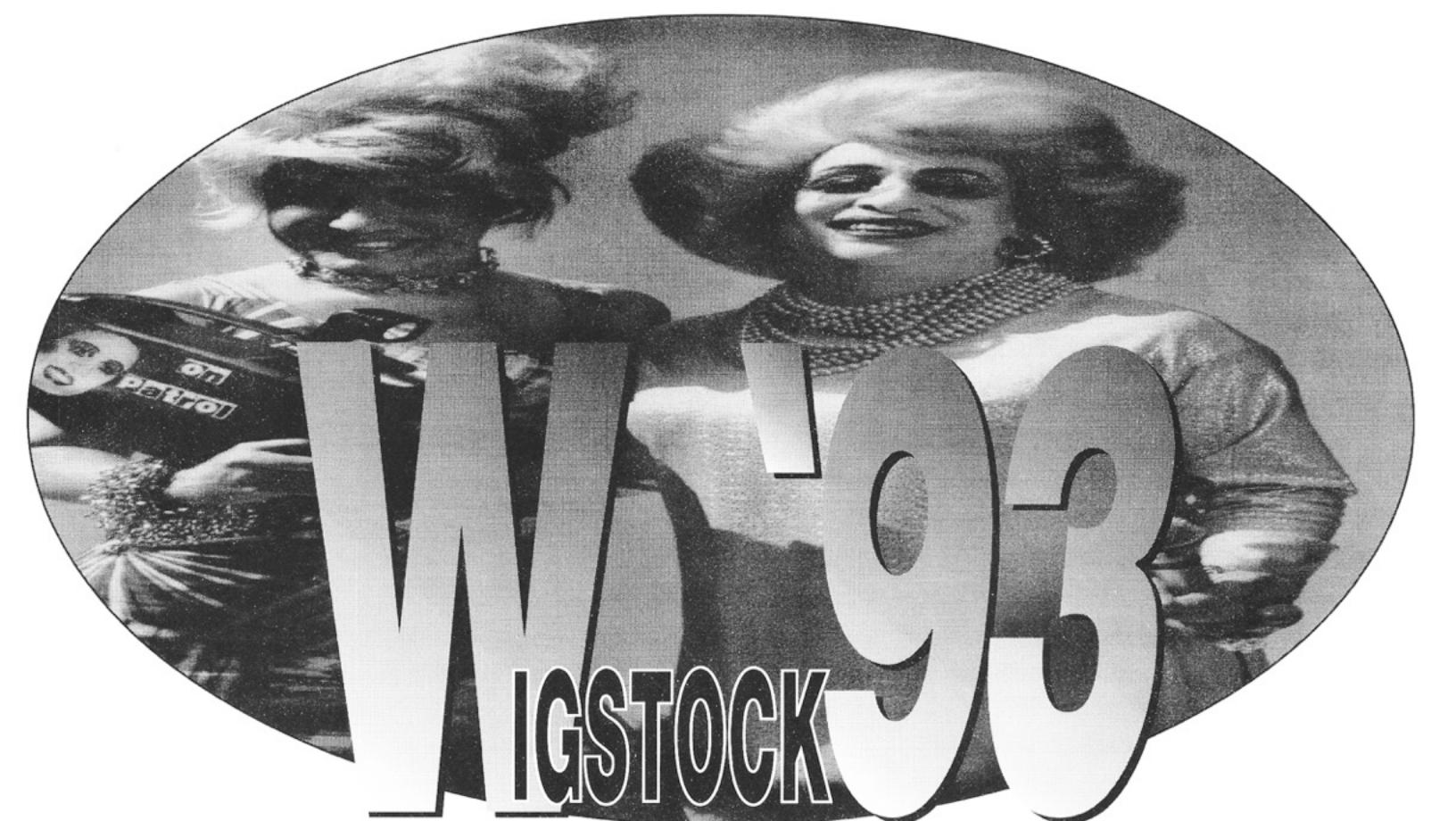
As Hollywood becomes less glamorous, Drags become the things to look at. If you take what is supposed to be Hollywood's most popular, glamorous or beautiful stars of today, they don't compare to someone like Lana Turner. I think glamour never goes out.

Do you have any advice for new performers?

What I do is acting. If you're per-



photo: Stephen Vaughan/20th Century Fox



WIGSTOCK '93

The Fall Of Western Civilization Turns Out To Be Ash Blonde And Shoulder Length

Notes on the New York City Annual Wigged Out Wig In

by The "Lady" Bunny • Photos by Michael Fazakerley



Hmmm... Can you believe it? Wigstock is 9 years old today! 9 years! Why, I've been organizing this thang for almost half of my whole life!

Anyway, 9 is a number of great supernatural significance, and through "sheer magic" it seems, Wigstock '93 has managed to giddily and gaily glide through the troubled and torrid torrents that threatened to half her hair-raising histrionics just a few short weeks ago. Amen, honey! They always say "You can't keep a Good Girl down." (I'm not sure if that saying really applies to me or to Wigstock, but it sounded o.k.).

I've been diligently lining up the "performers" for this year's festivities, and I'd like to tell all of

you that Wigstock is featuring only the finest "entertainers" "alive." I'd like to tell you that, but I can't lie - Lahoma Van Zandt and Linda Simpson managed to sneak on to the roster somehow! Joining the regular star-studded cast, a few new faces include Jayne County and Leigh Bowery all the way from London, and from the top of the dance charts, the soulful India. The smashing Wigstock Dancers will open each wigged-out set of show stoppers, which definitely deliver a delightful display of deluxe damsels and delicious dancing dudes in doozies of duds designed to dazzle each dreadfully dotty denizen of the do, doubling the dosage of devilishly divine dementia as the deepening decibels drive us down a delirious descent into a dreamy debauchery designated as de rigueur on this dilly of a day. Dare to dig it, Dearies?

And now some tips on Wig Care →





4

A wig should not have to be pinned to your head. If it is fitted properly it will not fall off.



6

Wigs are not nearly as fragile as people think, but careful treatment is important in keeping them looking and behaving their best. Treat your Wig with the same care you give your own hair.



5

It's normal for a few strands to come out of your wig as you brush the hair; but if chunks of hair come out at a time, your wig is losing hair.



1

A wig should be styled every 2 to 6 weeks, depending on how often you wear it, the weather conditions, the length of the style, (long hair doesn't hold well - short styles hold best) and how carefully you handle your wig.



2

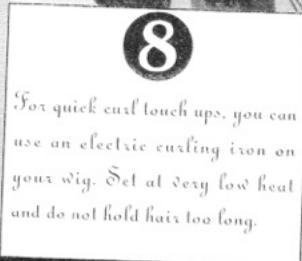
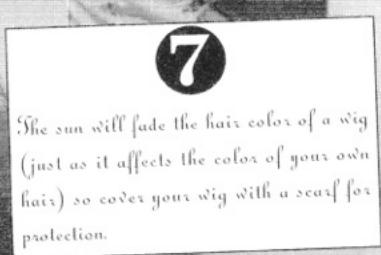
Never use lacquer on a wig or hairpiece. It will not brush out, and you will have to clean your wig or hairpiece every time you set it. Use a light spray that is water soluble.



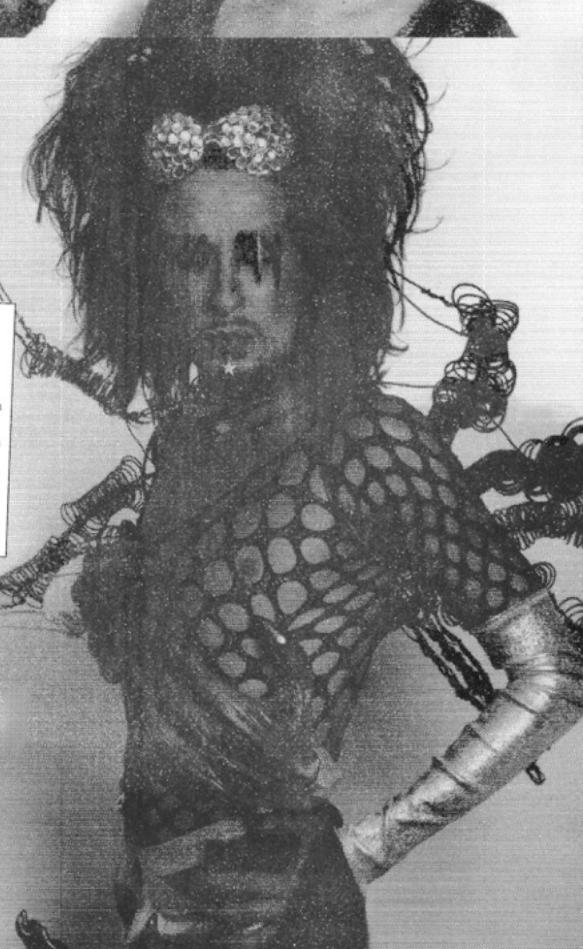
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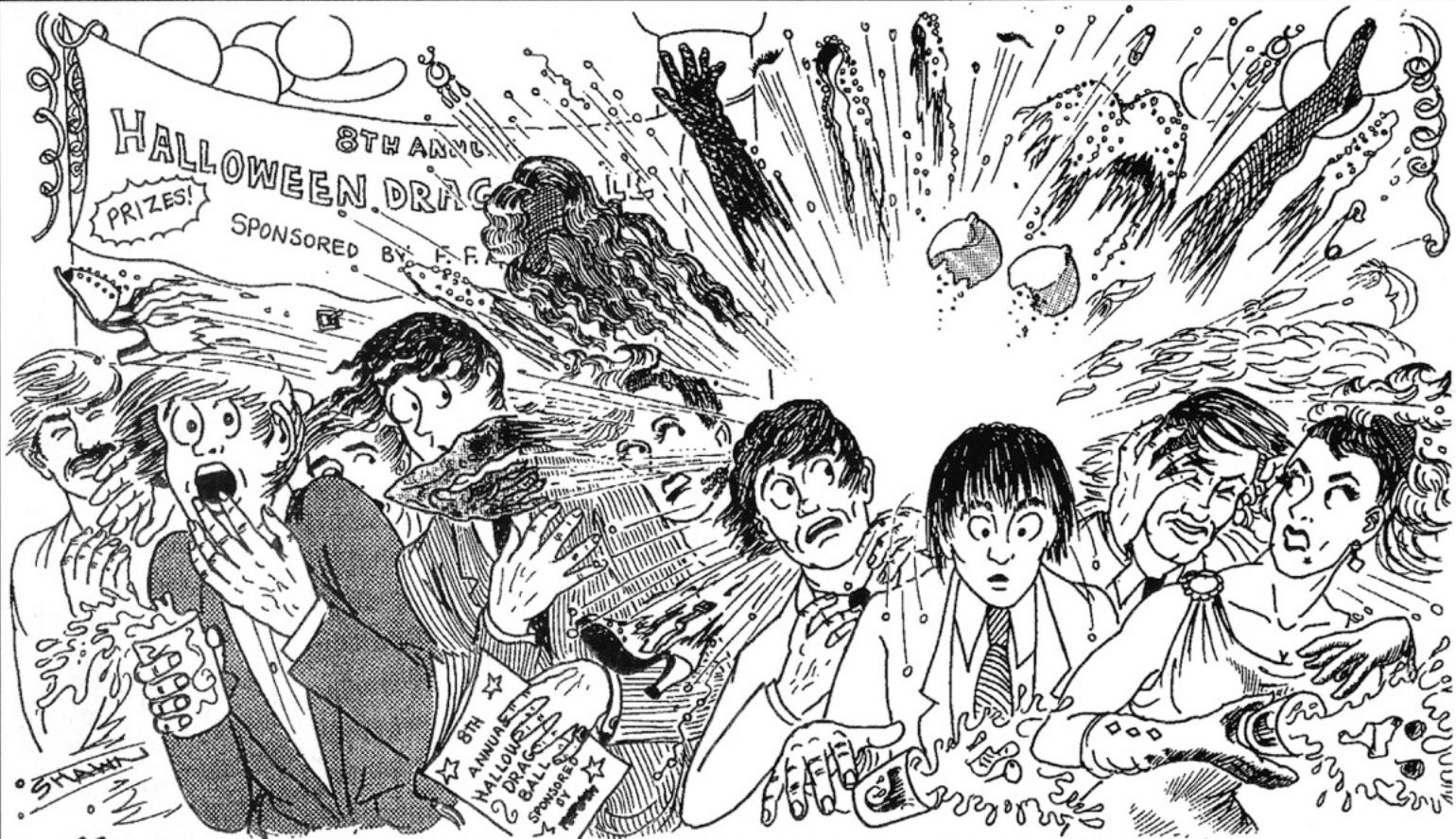
Wearing a wig will not harm your hair. Actually, it will protect your hair from sun, dust and dirt, and give it a rest from teasing, permanent-izing, or coloring. Wig caps are light, and allow air to circulate freely for comfort in wearing.





Most of all,
wear your
wig or
hairpiece often,
and enjoy
the beautiful
new you!





"OH MY GOSH! I KNEW HE WAS TOO WIRED, PINNED,
GLUED AND TUCKED TO LAST THE EVENING!!"

JMPG



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STYLE SUMMIT

by Lois Commondenominator

This is Style Summit, and I'm Lois Commondenominator, reporting on the design worlds of fashion, beauty, and decorating! We start in New York City, reporting on a collection dedicated to diversity! But first things first! Among the many notables in attendance at this convention for the unconventional were; Michael Alig, Larry Tee, Lahoma Van Zant, Lady Bunny, Walter S., Bella Bolksi, Keoki, Julie Jewels, Lord Michael, Lee Chappell, Peter Al, Reign Voltaire, Fuschia Doll, Billy Beyond, James St. James, Ernie Glam, Perfidia, Billy Keller, Mark Modelle, Collin Hay & Gina Hall, David Tina Turner, Innocent Bystanders, Sean DeLear, Mike Gilberto, Jonathan Junque, Codi Ravioli, Olympia, Kenny Kenny, Fashion Patrol's Brenda A-Go-Go, Rollerina, Donald Simrock, Memory Lane, Brandywine, Ke da, Lilly Monster, Chava, Skip from Trax, Optical, Shelly Bomb, Kabuki Starshine, Sushi, Tony Face, David, Markie Bamboo, Girlina, Corrine, Chancelle, Desi

1993

Eyebrows are an option for Kenny Kenny.



Jonathan Junque's shoes by Frank N. Stein.



Sophia Lamar accessorizes with flora.



Corrine's hair has a hard-on!



Mark Modelle loves the nightlife, gets to boogie.

Monster (King of Manhattan), Angel, Toni Face, Richie Rich, Sophia Lamar, Walt Paper, yours truly Lois Commandondenominator, my traveling companion and longtime Drag Bud Richard (Agnes to his closest friends) & a cast of thousands! The upbeat message from Style Summit for Spring 1993 was coordinated confusion. The unconstricted environment allowed for loose change. The good news is that Drag remains a strong influence on the well-dressed club kid! The mood for evening was back to basics - men, music and cross-dressing. Steel and plastic were



Donald Simrock has something on his mind.



Long Beach's Billy K. crushed that velvet himself!



Kabuki Starshine
before colorization.



David stops
traffic (as well
as a few
clocks!)

important fabrics. Eyebrows were an option this time. The retro influence combined with a 90's spin to revive the feeling we were living in the 70's - the 2070's! Designers went to any lengths necessary to nail down a look, even if it meant using a few 9 inch nails to do it! Designers also went into the streets for inspiration, but some of those streets had a few potholes, I'm afraid. Textures clashed with an audible clang. Belief in things was a challenge. Makeup was hard edged, hard boiled and hard to clean off the next day. Neutral was out. The only camel I saw had a lit end to it! In a trend towards using nature to enhance the season's feeling, rubber and leather were applied extensively, frequently, and at every opportunity. The look was long and lean - gaunt gamines, slender sylphs and wispy waifs . . . and that was just the men! One-of-a-kind pieces added panache (and pain) to many outfits. To cap off the affair, a wild and wonderful party was given at the Limelight Discotheque on the fourth and closing night in honor of Dragazine! Reporter Michelle Lolli from URB magazine and lolliPOP from Planet Homo were among those that represented the press. If you're a Style Queen, you won't want to miss the next Style Summit. To get a glimpse of the future and lose a few brain cells in the process, contact Ernie Glam, C/O Project X Magazine, 37 W. 20th Street, #1007, New York, NY 10011, Tel: 212-255-5499. Until next time, this has been Style Summit, and I'm still Lois Commondenominator.



Where We Went... Who What We Did

Wednesday, May 12th PALLADIUM. Opening Dinner Cabaret, 9 p.m.. midnight. Hosted by Christian Francis Roth & Lady Bunny with performances by Dead Marilyn (SF), Pussy Tourette(SF), Memory Lane(Chicago), Zola Montes(Montreal) and Michael West(NY). **LIMELIGHT: Fashion Show**, hosted by Lady Bunny & Lahoma, featuring NY's best up-and-coming designers, including Kanae and Onyx, Revamping Retro, Carlis Pistol, Alpine Bawa, Rafael Antonio, Kevin Robinson, Cimarron, Patricia Field, Michael Go and Jon Xavier. In **LICK-IT!**, photo exhibit and magazine give-away by San Francisco's Odyssey magazine, hosted by publisher, Michael Everaert. **2 a.m.:** Performances by: Dynamo, NYC's newest club band, Mado Lamotte(Montreal), Moses(NY) **3 a.m.:** Larry Tee & Lahoma's Naked Body Show **Thursday, May 13th LIMELIGHT - Midnight:** Kookamonga Fashion Show & Performances, featuring club wear designers from around the country, including Cameron Carpenter, Lynda Love, Stacy Lauwers, House Jugular & the Gemini Twins, & Shelly Bomb. Check out the tables for cool posters, accessories, & other hip knick-knacks. From Japan, art exhibits by Kazuhumi Makino & Miyako Nakagawa, musical performance by Miracle, and Zipangu avant-guard fashion show. **USA - 1 a.m.:** Europack: One part Eurotrash, two parts Eurotrance, and a splash of attitude. Performance by door darling Moses. Photo exhibit by Michael Richard. Performance by Nokko(Japan). **GLITZ - 2 a.m.:** Lee Chappel presents A Night of 1,000 Dead Marilyns, featuring a live performance by Peter Stack as Dead Marilyn. Free drinks to all Style Summit attendees. **SAVE THE ROBOTS - 4 a.m.:** Desi Monster's Late, Late home movies. **Friday, May 14th WEBSTER HALL - Midnight:** Reign Voltaire, Peter A., and



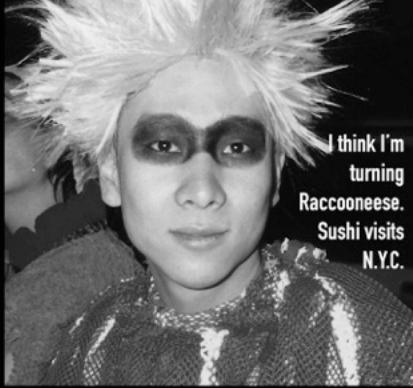
The Wonder Twins and Lily Monster (L) model L.A. designer Shava's original designs.

Young Richard presents a performance by Atlanta's Eleganza in the Makeup Room. From Los Angeles, PLANET HOMO magazine holds a give-away, hosted by Loli Pop. LIMELIGHT - 1 a.m.: Futureshock's Lord Michael and J.J. Repete present a So. California magazine focus on URB. Free copies available. Next, a Photo exhibit by URB's Michelle Lolli. Rising Techno artists, Glitch, perform "Human Freak Box." Check out the tables for cool posters, accessories & other hip knick-knacks. USA - 2 a.m.: Christian Francis Roth fashion show. From San Francisco, performances by Pussy Tourette, Ethyline Canne. Then, a fashion show by the House of Slander (L.A.) & Efthemios Konstantine (Woodstock). FAD magazine photo exhibit from the pages of Gina Hall's Social Studies. Bella Bolksi, Billy Beyond, Bubbles and James St. James present the Style Summit Fashion Olympics in the Mugler Room. NASA - 4 a.m.: Gabriel, Heather & Peter G. present an afterhours Rave Wear fashion show (NY-LA) in the Chill-Out room, featuring

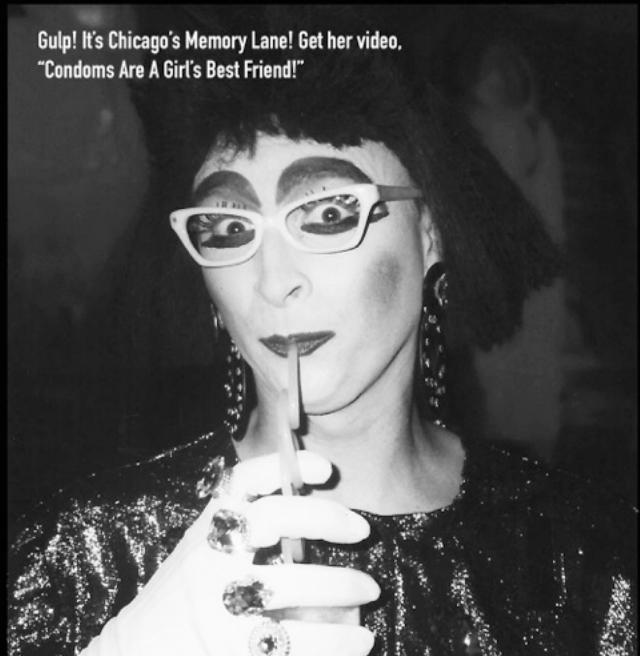
Designers went to any lengths necessary to nail down a look, even if it meant using a few 9 inch nails to do it!



We da nailed down this look.



Gulp! It's Chicago's Memory Lane! Get her video, "Condoms Are A Girl's Best Friend!"



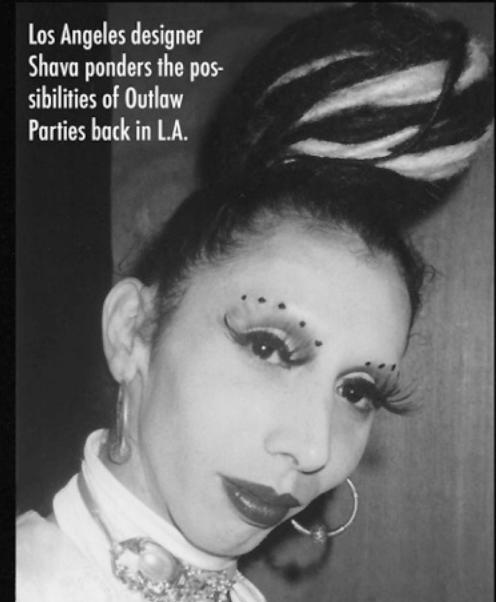


Desi Monster, King of NYC.



Ricbie Rich pauses for a pose.

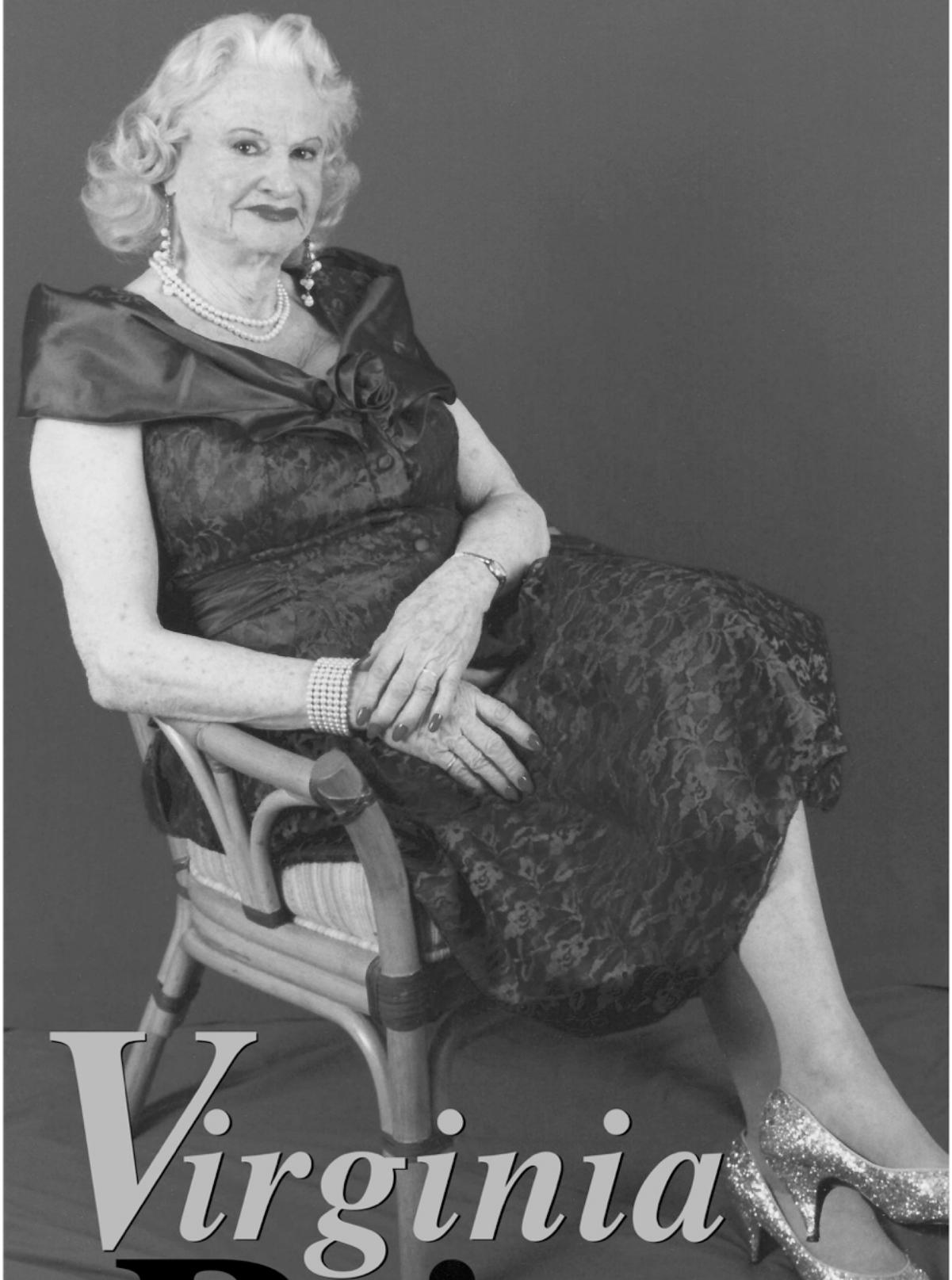
Liquid Sky, Ding Dong School, Acquasonic Funwear, Rock-L's Anti-Gold League, Anarchic Adjustment, Drop, Wonder Twins, & Sarah K. **Saturday May 15th FASHION PICNIC - 10 p.m.:** Closing al fresco picnic with a runway style demonstration by America's creme de la comp. this event will occur out-doors. Location will be announced. **LIMELIGHT Midnight:** Fuschia Doll, Sacred, Ke da, Sushi, Billy Beyond, Astray, Chris Couture, Larry Tee, & Sister Dimension invite you to take home free copies of two fabulous underground scene zines, Atlanta's POP-CORN and Los Angeles' DRAGAZINE. Hosted by Atlanta's Eleganza and DRAGAZINE's editor-n-chiffon **Lois Commodo**. Photo exhibit by Zianni(Washington, D.C.). Check out the tables for cool posters, jewelry, & other hip knick-knacks. **USA - 2 a.m.:** Michael Alig, Desi Monster, Christopher Comp, Richie Rich, Tobell, Julie Jewels, Sophia Lamar, & Jonathan Junque host the official closing night tranquilizer party. **POST-MORTEM (Miami)** magazine give-aways hosted by editors Kim Stark and Iris Linares. Photo exhibit by Cathy McGann of the VILLAGE VOICE, hosted by Michael Musto. Fashion show by Junko Nishitani(Japan). Outlaw party map point. **OUTLAW PARTY - 4:30 a.m.:** Location to be announced.



Los Angeles designer Shava ponders the possibilities of Outlaw Parties back in L.A.



Rollerina has a glittering personality.



Virginia Prince

THE POWER OF CLEAVAGE

Virginia Prince is a leader in the Gender Community. I recently had the pleasure of interviewing her over a few successive Sunday afternoons. Her vision, expertise, clarity of thought and sense of purpose are truly inspirational.

In 1960, Virginia began publishing *Transvestia*, the first magazine for heterosexual crossdressers. *Transvestia* was published over a 20 year period and reached 100 volumes by the end of publication. In 1962, Virginia founded Phi Pi Epsilon, the first organization for heterosexual crossdressers. Then in 1976, Phi Pi was combined with another organization to form The Society for the Second Self, or Tri-Ess, the name it has kept to this day.

Virginia is more than an armchair observer. Because of her extensive studies and experiences with Tri-Ess, she has been invited to appear on talk shows and lecture circuits for many years. Among her credentials is a guest appearance in HBO's "What Sex Am I," narrated by Lee Grant. Her most recent accomplishment was to be chosen as one of a group of sexologists for a conference given by Mainland China's Medical Association. She recently made the arduous trip to Beijing, Shangdeu and Shanghai to participate in the seminar. To qualify, her paper "Sexology vs. Genderology," was accepted by the U.S. Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, an organization to which she belongs.

I learned many things during our discussions. One important point was that cross-dressing varies in frequency, from an intermittent activity to a full time one. Among the many feathers in her cap, Virginia coined the term "*Transgenderist*" to describe people such as herself who live full-time as women, and who are not considering sexual reassignment surgery. Transvestites may end up as Transsexuals, but Virginia thinks that surgery has been overly promoted as the only viable outcome. Virginia believes there are candidates for Transsexual surgery who could probably enjoy most of the benefits of living a Transsexual lifestyle by stopping short of surgery and remaining at her level of Transgenderism.

Virginia is an outspoken critic of the term "gender dysphoria" as well, because it is used to support a psychological basis for sexual reassignment surgery. Gender dysphoria is a term popularly used by the medical and psychiatric communities to describe a dissonance between body and brain, where males or females feel that their body doesn't fit their self-concept of the gender camp their

brain tells them they belong to. Virginia thinks that one doesn't need a vagina (actually a neo-vagina in these cases) to be able to feel feminine and act like a woman.

Virginia is a crusader in another area too. She is motivated and determined to clarify the language we use to describe the Gender Community. "Words represent thoughts, and wrong words can reinforce wrong thinking," says Virginia. Gender is a visual phenomenon. As Virginia can attest to, a bit of cleavage goes a long way towards self esteem and outside acceptance. Sex on the other hand is a way of being. Biologically, there are only two sexes, male and female, and the particular lifestyles of those two sexes are called their genders, masculine and feminine.

Not only must we use words correctly, but in addition, Virginia's crusade includes overcoming stereotypes. When most people learn that a man crossdresses, they automatically assume he's Gay. This is rooted in old stereotypes about what constitutes Gay behavior; limp-wrists, swishyness and effeminacy.

"When most people learn that a man crossdresses, they automatically assume he's Gay."

Effeminacy is often confused by lay people with acting feminine, thus the assumption is commonly made that all crossdressers are homosexual. Please don't call heterosexual crossdressers "male lesbians" either - there is no such thing!

Heterosexual crossdressers are the subject of a two-pronged ongoing debate among themselves and within the medical and mental health communities - 1) why are they the way they are, and 2) is there a cure. Virginia has come to the conclusion that the answers won't be found in the stars, hormones or genes, and with all due respect to Flip Wilson, it wasn't the devil that made his Geraldine do it either! Virginia thinks that admiration for the feminine is a natural outgrowth of male heterosexuality. In the alternate lifestyle world, we know that people exist who are attracted to others of the same gender and sex as themselves. As Mom always said, there's somebody for everybody! One thing is sure; a woman who accepts a

mate who crossdresses is not easily found, but if she is, a very special relationship can occur. An understanding and accepting woman is a rare commodity!

During our discussions, Virginia wanted to understand the reasons why Gay men do Drag, and the answer came back in a simple test. Virginia asked me what I saw when I looked in the mirror after getting dolled up. I responded that I saw a pretty person, to which Virginia replied that she saw a pretty girl in her mirror. She wondered if I wasn't avoiding saying the word "girl" to describe what I saw. I struggled with my conscience to be objective about her assertion. Perhaps I am in denial, but I could only say that I think that Gay men, or all men for that matter, can be or feel pretty if they can or want to. The view in the mirror doesn't alter the way I ultimately identify my sex or gender to myself. As a Gay male, I have always considered doing Drag as a natural extension of my creativity. If creativity is a subconsciously coded word for my feminine side, then it's all semantics anyway. Acting cross-gendered for Gays has always been accepted among ourselves, and expected of us from outside the group. I think "transvesting" can be a creative or fun activity for people. Who needs a cure for that? The appearance of masculine women and feminine men should not complicate things - they complement things. Virginia and I have a lot in common in that we both are working to free men as well as women from the constraints and limitations of gender oppression, or what Virginia refers to as the tyranny of gender.

Membership in Tri-Ess is open exclusively to heterosexual crossdressers. This has created the opportunity for other groups to form that are open to Gays, Bisexuals and Transsexuals. The local chapters of Tri-Ess are named with Greek letters, ala sororities, and the members are known to each other as sisters. Virginia would love to hear from anyone interested in learning more about Tri-Ess for themselves or their loved ones. Virginia also operates a mail order service of publications of interest to crossdressers. For a price list, please send an SASE to Virginia Prince, P.O. Box 36091, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

As the cosmetic and plastic surgery arts advance in leaps and bounds, the expression "what you see is what you get" will soon be a relic of the past. What we saw in Virginia Prince was a person who knows a thing or two about being a great lady, but that also happens to be what she is! LC/

MS. TASTEE PLACES

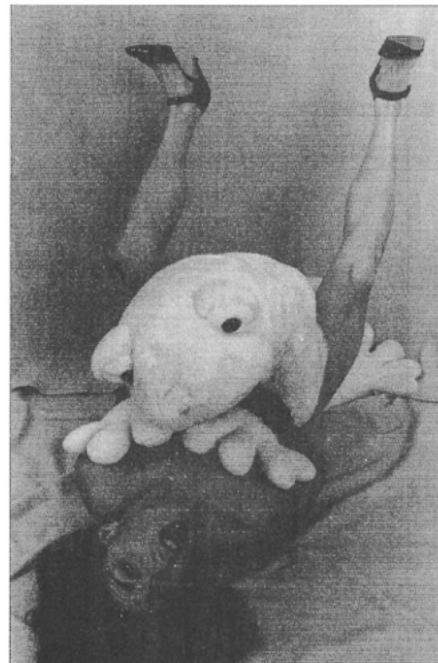
ADVENTURES OF A DOOR-TO-DOOR DRAG QUEEN

Tastee Places Gives Publisher Lois Common denominator A Run For Her Money As She Tries To Pin Down The Drag Bombshell About Her Recipe For Safe Sex Servings.

Photos: John Groo • Hand, Foot & Jehovah's Witness: James Kantor

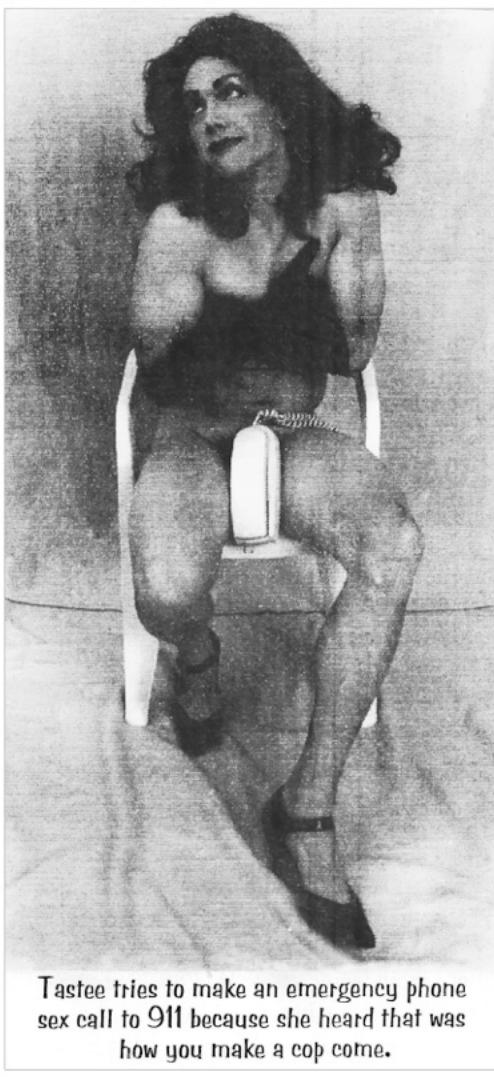
Can nudists transvest? I recently asked Tastee Places, famed East Coast Drag philosopher that burning question, to which he replied, "Dress simply so that others simply dress." Sensing that there was more under that wig than what the naked eye could see, I pressed Tastee on to expand away. "I've recently embarked on a journey to my spiritual sphincter," said the toastee Drag Queen bombshell, "where I located my inner-child playing with it. I smacked it around a bit, fought mano-a-mano with it and licked it (my inner-child, not my spiritual sphincter) until I ended up letting go and letting Drag. After seeing Susan Powter's "Stop The Insanity" fitness infomercial, I decided to do just that. Susan is a synthetic fem-bot capable of hawking her fitness scam around the clock to the world's hetero-lemmings. They cannot resist her

s h e - m a l e machine-like looks. They get agitated by her subliminal messages of sexual humiliation and gladly fork over their cash. I never tuck. I can lipsink and order from the International Male Catalog at the same time. I have infiltrated the locker rooms of The Land of P a r a d i n g Gonads where they pump iron. At night we hang at the monster truck shows, but unknown to them I'm the saucy number dripping in Frederick's



Tastee recommends toys to spice up your safe sex evening. People for the Ethical Treatment of Stuffed Animals (PETA) protested this one, but we assured them it was consensual.

the members of our movement Transformers. Soon we will follow the Shining Path of Transformer Jihad for world hypergender domination, so we're on a membership drive! All you have to do to qualify is to follow our 12 step program, where you pass if you can walk 12 steps in 5" spiked heels. 'Don't ask, don't tell' will be changed to 'Why bother asking?' I was moved by Tastee's vision. I wanted to know more about the man behind the dynel. "Let me tell you a little bit about my home town, Hartford CT," Tastee continued. "As you may well know, it is the Insurance Capitol of the WORLD! Day Drag con-



Tastee tries to make an emergency phone sex call to 911 because she heard that was how you make a cop come.



Exhibitionists and Voyeurs are simply two sides of the same groin!

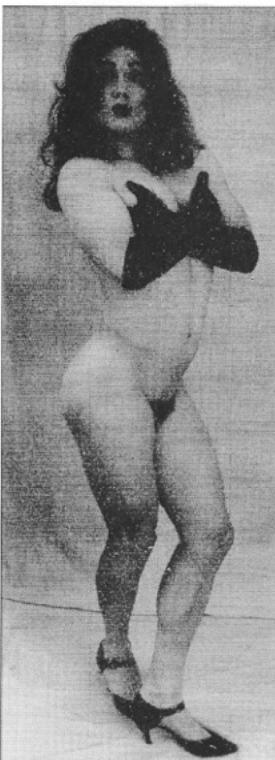
When's the last time you took a good look at yourself? That Jehovah's Witness said to look into your soul and cast out the demons. What's that down there? Lint??

sists of lots of poly 3-piece suits, wool skirts, blouses with big bows at the neck and running shoes. Evening is a tad more exciting. Most everyone is into FACE, Model Effects and Realness. Yawn. At the last Drag competition everyone lipsynched - you guessed

stuffed animals." Suspecting steroid abuse by this point, I thanked Tastee for abusing his reputation nationally for us. Tastee wanted to remind everyone to catch him in his next starring vehicle, "Huffy, The Inhalant Queen."



The Jehovah's Witness comes to your door every Tuesday. You tell him you've heard about the witness protection program, and ask him what kind he'd prefer to use.



Penis de Milo? No, it's Tastee waiting for her the john.

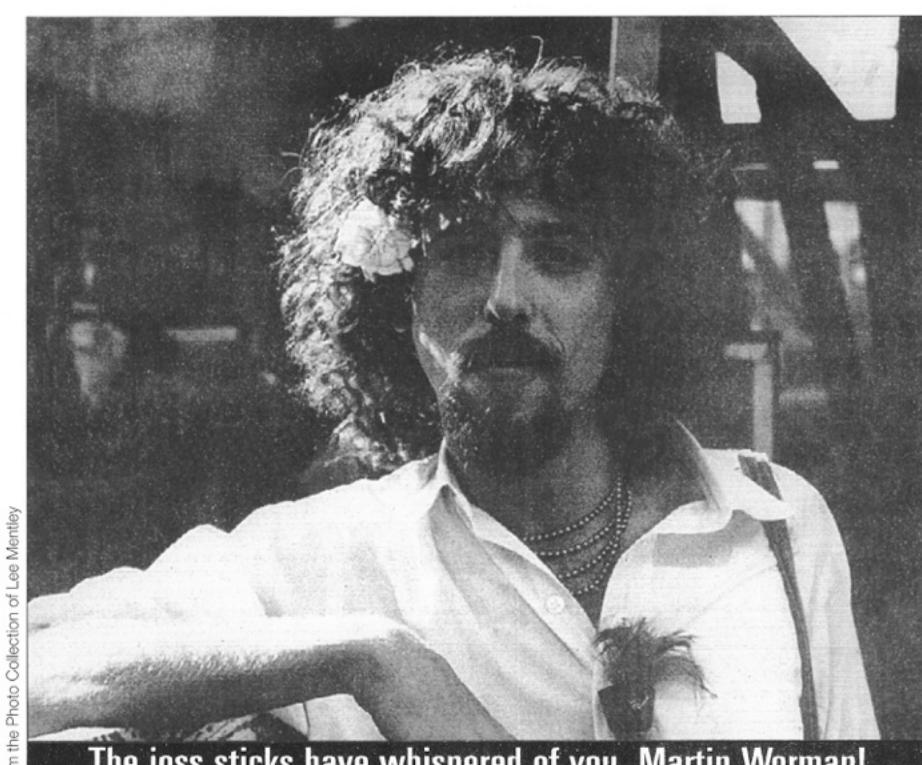
it - "Whiney" Houston. Anticipating this and since Whiney would have her puppy any day, I did my own realness and came out knocked up, gave birth on stage and had my two assistants uzi the newborn to the tune of "I Will Always Love You," which then segued into a medley of Diamanda Galas, Karen Finley and Yoko Ono. Needless to say, I did not win." I next asked what Tastee would like to say to Dragazine's readers. "Drag Queens in the 90's should emulate today's modern woman - a mover, a shaker, and a member of the Coffee Generation. Too busy to get involved with the burdens of a monogamous relationship, she finds time for some KY jelly and condoms and relies on her entrepreneurial skills to get her due serving of Safer Sex. I know that for some of you it's a might exciting when Fido roots out what he's been sniffing in your crotch, but zoinks! Today's modern Drag Queen doesn't flaunt all social mores, just some but not all. Indulge that fantasy with



Who needs a few inches when you could have a foot? In honor of Ms. Vaginal Creme Davis, the West Coast's premier toe fetishist!



More holes mean more places to hang jewelry! Tastee can't decide if she looks better wearing a tool belt or wearing a belted tulle!



From the Photo Collection of Lee Mentley

The joss sticks have whispered of you, Martin Worman!

Confessions of a Glittered Past With Lois Commondenominator

The Cockettes were an underground San Francisco-based theatrical group that formed in the early '70's. It was for the Cockettes that in 1971, a journalist from Scanlan's Magazine first coined the term "genderfuck." Martin Worman (aka Philthee Ritz) performed, directed and wrote with the Cockettes during their brief three year existence. He was penning a tell-all tome entitled "Midnight Masquerade, A History of the Cockettes," planned for release in the Fall of '94, when just prior to publication of this issue, he succumbed to the ravages of a long bout with AIDS.

Tell us about your life, and what led you to become a Cockette.

I was born in Paterson, New Jersey and went to college at Rutgers. I got my Masters in Theater and was drafted and served during the Viet Nam era where I was trained as a military journalist. After the Tet Offensive of 1968 wiped out the entire Armed Forces Radio and Television company in Saigon, orders came down for me to go there as one of the replacements. I decided, Nope! I'm coming out to save my life.

After months of paperwork, I was out and went on a six month odyssey in Europe. By the time 1969-1970 came around, everybody was on a party. I went

to San Francisco, ostensibly to write a libretto for a rock opera. We were hippies first - radical, anarchic, Haight-Ashbury/San Francisco hippies. We wanted to dress up in more than just the hippie gear. Hippie men didn't hide their hairy chests when they wore clothes of the other gender. People flashed their cocks! Was genderfuck something new?

Genderfuck didn't start with the Cockettes. More people are now appreciating that Jack Smith was one of the originals. He started in the late 50's in the East Village putting on B movie extravaganzas in his loft. He used whatever was found - old scarves, old funky palm trees made out of cardboard. He eventually went on to produce the notorious cult movie "Flaming Creatures." He influenced Charles Ludlam, who was the director and author of many of the plays staged at the Ridiculous Theater in New York City. When Charles played Camille, his Camille had a hairy chest so he was also doing genderfuck. Charles influenced Hibiscus, who was a New York teenager in the chorus of "Gorilla Queen" which was one of the early Ridiculous plays. Hibiscus traveled to San Francisco and was the original organizer of the Cockettes.

How did the group form?

Many of the Cockettes found each other at the Palace Theater, now called The Palace Pagoda, in North Beach. It was a Chinese movie house servicing the

PHILTHERE RITZ THE COCKETTE WHO COULD READ

Chinatown and Russian Hill populations by day and early evening, but by midnight the locals would empty out and the freaks would line up around the block! It became quite a phenomenon - totally word of mouth.

It had been going for a year as midnight movies called "Nocturnal Dream Shows." There were cult movies like "Flaming Creatures," and lots of vintage musicals - the old Busby Berkeley stuff. That's what inspired us. The promoters of the midnight movies would invite acts or have talent occasionally and that's when the Cockettes happened. It all began New Year's Eve, 1970, when Hibiscus organized a group of friends, and lasted for three years.

That's just barely after Stonewall!

I subscribe to The Judy Garland Theory of Gay Liberation. The Stonewall Riots weren't caused by Judy's death, but there was something about it that released the old gay world. I think there's a spiritual connection between Judy's death and Stonewall in that the world shifted. In the 1950's and 60's, so many pre-liberation homosexuals related to the torture, rage, alcoholism, "The Man Who Got Away" - all of that in Judy's life. Her death freed us all, whether we were 12 years old or whatever, and made the new gay world possible. This is strictly metaphorical or spiritual of course, but it's exactly what happened.

Were there female Cockettes?

Yes, there were women. It was a very large group! The women used to breast-feed their babies on stage even though they had a dildo strapped on. It was fun, because you never had to think that it was a person of questionable gender.

What was your contribution to the Cockettes?

I was just a stoned hippie like they were. I started off just as a chorus boy and became a featured dancer. I'm a male Drag. Philthee Ritz wore these white linen pants and he was the Fred Astaire/Carry Grant character, but with too much jewelry.

After being in the Cockettes for about a year, I had never said that I had been to college. Then, one night back stage, somebody said, "Hey Martin, someone you went to Rutgers with is here." Scrumbly, who was the composer stared at me and said, "Rutgers? I didn't even know you went to college!" I fessed up about my background and that's when a lot of the real writing began. I became the lyricist and collaborated with a couple of the composers, and wrote libretti for a number of scenes and shows. They called me The Cockette Who Could Read.

What were some of the names of the other Cockettes, and what were some of their contributions?

We didn't use the names on the marques. These were names we'd call each other. There were some members like Goldie Glitters, Dusty Dawn and Pristine Condition who had their own names, while others of us



were in the Ritz family; Kreemah Ritz, Henna Ritz, Limp Ritz, Harmony Ritz, and my name, Philthee Ritz.

Some of us were just the writers and a couple of us were composers, so it was a collective input you could call Tribal Anarchy! Twenty five Drag Queens trying to put on the same show!

We had a brilliant set designer named John Flowers. Everything was out of big cardboard pieces! They used to announce us as "The All Singing, All Dancing, All Cardboard Cockettes!"

How did Cockettes' Drag differ from traditional Drag?

Before the Cockettes, Drag Queens had a long tradition of impersonating especially famous women such as Empresses and Divas. They wore big hair and shoulder-duster chandelier earrings. They were serious! The Cockettes wore clothes that gave us the same attributes of the other gender, but there was never any attempt to pass. We did a lot of glitter in the beard and over the eyes, crusted on with vaseline. For our day wear, we had a lot of flowing scarves and pearls, but it wasn't full Drag.

Any special details you can recall about the costumes?

I wore tuxedos with boas over them, tons of rings and big earrings. In Rex Reed's review, I was referred to as a "Harvard Sophomore with earrings." Philthee Ritz was so precise about not wearing rhinestones or glitter before sundown. She also wore pearls and flat jewelry for day because she didn't want to compete with the sun. Everything was Thrift Shop!

People showed their natural hair and arranged it anyway they wanted to. There weren't a lot of wigs except for shows like our Oriental show "Pearls Over Shanghai" when we wore severe black bobs and big head-dresses. We were big on head-dresses. The one thing that each individual did was their own costume. The tradition was that you didn't know until opening night what the others were going to wear!

The idea of Glitter Rock and Mascara Rock and the nostalgia and the 40's fruity dresses with the bracelets was our look. Stars like David Bowie, Bette Midler, Manhattan Transfer and the Pointer Sisters came to our shows and liked our look and the music we used.

What were the shows like?

There was the Circus show, the French shows, the Greek Classic show, the Oriental intrigue show. They had a 30's to 40's musical feel to them. We did a monthly



Pristine Condition from cover of his Calendar

Photo: Norman Seeff

show with all new material.

One was called "Les Cockettes de Paris." There was a really big spectacular called "Les Etoiles du Minuit," which means The Stars of Midnight. It was total Follies Bergere done by tacky genderfucked Drags.

We had a number called "Gert's Postcard" involving Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. We had Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, Madame Curie and Camille. It wasn't just one queen after another doing an act - it was a story. This was theatrical, not cabaret. It took place in that big old theater.

Any one-liners you can recall?

One of my all time favorite ones was from "Pearls Over Shanghai," when Madame Gin-Sling, with her long nails and combed-back hair meets Petrushka, the White-Russian counter spy wearing this fabulous white backless satin gown and huge fur. Madame Gin-Sling crosses to her and says in a low, melodramatic voice, "The joss sticks have whispered of you, Occidental woman!"

Did some Cockettes gain fame in their own right?

The original Petrushka was Sylvester! Everybody knows she was a disco diva, but her roots were in the gospel churches in Los Angeles. Then she came to San Francisco where he started with The Cockettes!

Another one of our stars was Divine! She used to guest star when she came to town. He had already made some black and white movies with John Waters. This was before the big ones hit.

Was the national press interested?

Rex Reed, Truman Capote and Joanne Carson heard about the Cockettes from across the country, and when they were in town, they left a tired San Francisco Opera Ball together to see our show at midnight instead. Rex wrote this enormous rave review for The Chicago Tribune. Some wealthy young man whose father had made



Photo: The Bud Lee Studio
Goldie Glitters from over 20 years ago in Pearls over Shanghai

his fortune by co-producing "Hello Dolly!" flew us out to New York to produce our show because of that review.

How did it play in New York?

We went in the Fall of 1971 and played down in the East Village at the Anderson Theater which is the largest Off Broadway house. It was like we were doing our own back stage musical! In San Francisco we represented the dreams and fantasies of our audiences. In New York they challenged us to be fabulous. Even Mayor Lindsay came opening night!

The reviews were hilarious! It was so bad, it was fabulous! As Rex Reed said it was "The Biggest Bomb Since Hiroshima!" Downtown audiences started coming then, but it was too late. We were babies seduced by glamour.

The famous story is that during the Manhattan Penthouse Cocktail scene in a show that we were doing called "Tinsel Tarts in a Hot Coma," it all got too much for Angela Lansbury. She turned to her date Gore Vidal, and said, "Get me the fuck out of here!" and took two rows with her in the middle of the performance. On his way out in the middle of the lobby, Gore Vidal was quoted as saying, "Having no talent is not enough!" While doing some research, I found out that line is one of the lead-ins to the Gimmick number in the musical "Gypsy"! New York didn't kill the Cockettes. We stayed the month we said we were going to, then we went back to San Francisco and did another year of shows - big spectaculars!

Were there any big fights that threatened the existence of the group?

Our famous schism! Hibiscus, the original founder, left with three other members and formed The Angels Of Light. He believed

we shouldn't charge money or try to go professional. He believed in "free" theater. So, it was a political question.

Is there a traceable genderfuck lineage you see from then to the present?

There was a group that formed called The Whiz Kids in Seattle. The Cycle Sluts in L.A. got the idea from us of glittering their beards and moustaches and doing the outrageous big drag. In New York, a man named Jimmy Cammicia saw the Cockettes and formed a group called Hot Peaches. The Hot Peaches went on tour to Europe. In London they were seen by a Drag Queen named Betty Bourne, who so influenced, formed Bloolips. There were certain club performers who emerged in the late 70's, most notably Ethyl Eichelberger who understood genderfuck and wrote his own material. He had a profound influence on the younger East Village kids. RuPaul always credits the Cockettes and Sylvester. The Radical Faeries have very funky Drag as well.

Why do you think Drag is so popular now?

I feel that the big Drag revival started in the 80's especially in the East Village. This big revival had something to do in an odd way with AIDS. I think people thought well, I'm not going to have as much sex as I used to so it doesn't matter if I look like a girl or a Drag Queen. It used to be important, through most of the 1970's, to look as masculine as the boy you wanted if you wanted to get laid. Remember The Clone Look and All-American Boy t-shirts? The big push happened when people started thinking Drag Queens don't get laid, and if they couldn't get laid either, at least they wanted to party.

What else have you been up to besides writing your account of the Cockettes?

Many years after the Cockettes, I was the first person to teach a course that had the words "Lesbian" and "Gay" in the title, at NYU. I'm a theater director, and in

the 70's after the Cockettes, I became very active and was politicized and founded a company called The Gay Men's Theater Collective. I got a lot of first-hand experience in Lesbian and Gay plays. We did a show called "Crimes Against Nature," which won all sorts of awards and toured. Then I moved back to New York and went to NYU for my Doctoral work.

I'm the Artistic Director of the Antioch Theater at Antioch College in Ohio now. I teach about the representation of homosexuality on stage. I start with "Edward II" by Marlowe. There are some things that I discovered that other people don't know about. There's a 17th Century Restoration play, for example, called "Sodom, or The Essence of Debauchery." There's an old Yiddish theater play called "The God of Vengeance," about lesbianism by Sholom Asch, a famous novelist and playwright around the 1890's. Then I get into the pre-liberation stuff like "The Children's Hour" and "Tea and Sympathy."

Any advice for the new crop of Drag Queens?

Don't take yourselves too seriously! It's so important not to! Have fun with your Drag! Use more glitter! Some girls need help with taste and choice of fabrics, and...

Thank you, Martin Worman!

When they found the bullet that killed JFK, they said it was in "Pristine Condition." San Francisco, 1970!!



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WHISTLE WHILE YOU TRANS-WORK



Don't you just hate to do housework? Even wearing my maid's uniform doesn't guarantee a true dusting experience will occur. If I'm having a trike friend come over for a visit, or perhaps my parents, I've just got to "straighten" the place up. Well, if you're like me you'll gag to know that someone has come up with something to make housework a drag you'll enjoy! Girls, I'm talkin' 'bout the **Original Dust Paw!** The **Original Dust Paw** is an industrial grade cotton glove with a synthetic yarn shag palm, red fingernails, gold beaded bracelet and ring with black rimmed rhine stone. It is now possible for you to trans-dust while you transvest! It is excellent for furniture or venetian blind dusting or as a car wash mitt. This product is hand made, washable, and comes in a wide variety of popular colors. Left handed "Paws" are available on request, and so are other styles. But wait, hold the powder blue Princess phone, there's something new! It's the **Original Glamour Dust Paw, the Ultimate in Housecleaning Luxury!** The elbow-length glove is sewn of an all-over lace fabric in popular fashion colors. A marabou feather boa adorns the top of the glove. The ring and bracelet consist of rhinestone strips. While the dusting surface is hand washable, the trims are not guaranteed washable, so be careful or just use it for those special occasions when you've been very naughty and are forced into that maid's uniform for a night of cleaning frenzy! For a fact-filled brochure, just send \$1 U.S. in check or money order to Gems by Rochelle, P.O. Box 19604, Department D, Portland, OR 97219. If I've sold you on these fun and functional goodies, then send \$10 each for your favorite fashion color and send \$15 each for the elbow-length Glamour Dust Paw. For orders outside the U.S., please add a little extra for postage.

Happy Dusting!



THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES!

"And greetings from me... Memory Lane! I also answer to "Chicago's favorite high camp Queen" (Metra Magazine), and "Hysterical" (Chicago Tribune). For those of you not familiar with me, I'm a Midwestern Drag Queen! I have travelled all over this country performing my live comedy show, singing my hits such as "Condoms Are A Girl's Best Friend" and "Boobs." I recently bumped into Boy George during one of his recent tours, or perhaps he bumped into me on one of my recent tours. Anyway, I slipped him a copy of "Condoms" and told him to "Exploit Me!" I think he's been playing with my "Condoms" and my "Boobs" somewhere in Europe! "Boobs" is my latest video achievement. It's about breast implants. Don't do it or do it, just be well informed whatever your decision. If you've got a local venue, I'd love to visit your town. Write to me for my fun video too!"

Memory Lane is eyebrows, boobs and mirth, and not necessarily in that order! She's loud, brassy and funny and is everyone's friend who has a **mugshot** earshot! In her video spoof "Condoms Are A Girl's Best Friend," she instructs us that "big dicks or small dick, these condoms fit all pricks," and "it's with that erection, a girl needs protection." Apparently, Jules Stein authorized this very clever parody rendition, and the whole video production is somehow associated with the local AIDS awareness campaign. I love a Drag Queen who wants to save my life! She especially wanted to remind everyone that "after he takes it all off, make sure he puts one on!" We agree! Write to Memory Lane for future dates. We hear she'll come to the opening of an envelope if you're nice!

For her fab video, send \$15 U.S. to Memory Lane, P.O. Box 146864, Chicago, IL 60614.

But Can She Cook?

I love books that are dedicated to kitchen counter surfaces. Such is the case with *But Can She Cook?*, dedicated in part to the Rosetta Boomerang #1823 pattern produced by Formica Laminate Company. Here are some of Toronto's top female impersonators sharing their kitchen know-how in over 50 fun-filled recipes. A warning - not all the recipes have been tested for human consumption, but then the title of the book suggests cooking talent iffyness - a level of expertise that Drag Queens are well equipped to aspire to. Some of the names of the recipes make your mind reel more than your mouth water - Breasts with Booze, Spotted Dick,

Bloody Mary Soup and Hodge Podge.



They also have legitimate recipes as well, but why name them here? Along with the recipes, there

are small bios on the chefs, like Christopher Peterson, whose a dead ringer for Lucille Ball and tells us his favorite perfume is "Arrest" by Zsa Zsa Gabor - you just slap it on! Kelly Green's Batchelors' Surprise entree consists of closing your eyes in the frozen food section and picking out anything that you grab first. Each recipe comes with a photo of the Drag Queen that thought it up, unlike most other cook books with photos of the prepared dishes. Come and join Tammy Wynette, Bedelia Bidet, Bitch Diva, Crystal Lite, Patsy Period and all the other Drag Queens who are the real dishes here! *But Can She Cook?* was written by Christopher North, with help from Michael Moran, Billy Gentile, Peter Croke and Dino Dilio. Photography by George Leet, Bitter sweet Press, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Part of the proceeds benefiting Casey House Hospice. So dig in by digging up \$20 U.S. in check or money order payable to *But Can She Cook?*, P.O. Box 46061, College Park, 444 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario M5B 2L8, Canada. Remember, the way to a man's heart is through his taste-ticles!



Photo: Alan Kaplan

FUR IS A DRAG

By Lois Commondenominator

PETA's "FUR IS A DRAG" public awareness campaign was kicked off in early 1992 to bring out the ugly truth behind an outdated idea of status. PETA stands for "People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals," an organization formed to combat the excess and unnecessary suffering our society puts its furry friends through. If you already believe that less is more, then you won't need your arm twisted for PETA to convince you that wearing fur is unfashionable. Now that most people agree we are out of the caves for good, a connection must be established in the public's mind between fur as a fashion statement and the misguided treatment of animals as a cash crop. MAC, the cruelty-free beauty line, funded PETA's first annual "FUR IS A DRAG" event at New York's Palladium on January 21st, 1992. They filled the place with more than 1,000 animal-lovin' attendees . . . attending. Horror queen Elvira and dance-floor favorite Lady Miss Kier of Deee-lite emceed the anti-fashion anti-cruelty gala event. Like turning straw into gold, the simple combination of performance art and runway modeling were cross-pollinated to create the new hybrid idiom, *Performance Modeling*. A slew of top T.V.'s and D.Q.'s participated, including The "Lady" Bunny (hopping to it in white trash rabbit!), La Homa Van Zandt with a shaved beaver (coat), Ebony Jett, Mistress Formica, Flotilla De Barge and Mona Foot. The furs came accessorized with splattered red paint and various vicious traps attached. Protest slogans were proudly emblazoned on branded hides, perishing any thought of salvation through prudent dry cleaning. Phil Hartman of Saturday Night Live, members of the Sugarcubes and Warhol legend Cherry Vanilla joined in the outrageously funny show. What can you do? Call PETA'S Grass Roots Campaigns Department for information on hosting your own "FUR IS A DRAG" show. You too can wear "bloody" fur coats to the delight of your friends, and send economic shock waves to the bank accounts of furriers everywhere! Keep an ear out and attend the next "FUR IS A DRAG" show in your area. Call (301)770-PETA, or write to P.O. Box 42516, Washington, D.C. 20015, and do it today!



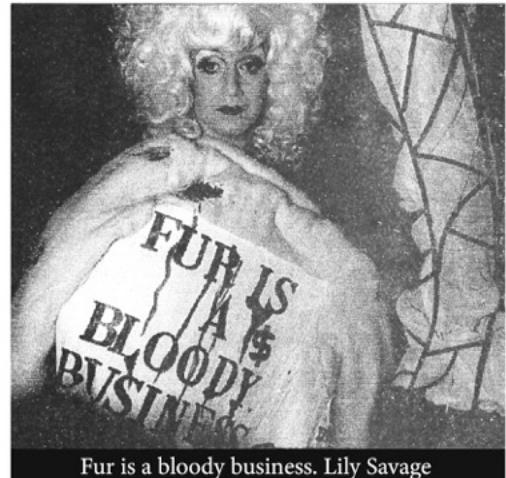
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Photo: Ebet Roberts



Fur is dead! "Lady" Bunny & "Pat" from SNL



Fur is a bloody business. Lily Savage



It's not chic - dead skins reek! Mona Foot



Fur kills. Lily Savage & Boy George



Top Row L to R, Flotilla de Barge, Lahoma Van Zandt & Ebony Jett hover over The "Lady" Bunny

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*Don't sweat the petty things;
pet the sweaty things.*

SIMPLY hastly

Ghastly Magazine is a fanzine of a music and lifestyle genre known as Gothic. The term Gothic has until recently applied exclusively to a medieval ancient type of architecture, or perhaps to a literary style characterized by violence, desolation and decay. A Gothic ethos has been appropriated over the last decade or so by a number of rock musicians and their followers resulting in the creation of a non-conformist subculture whose band names evoke images of the dark side of things; Christian Death, The Damned, Shroud, Controlled Bleeding, Shame Faces and Voice of Destruction to name but a few. We are sure that cross-dressers would have been considered bewitched or warlocks in another era, so how far off could the urge be to vamp from the urge to be a Vampire? According to Ghastly's reader poll, many Goths consider the Rocky Horror Picture Show a classic, something the publishers of Dragazine and many in our readership would agree with! So if you're searching for a new look that's not offered at the corner beauty parlor, maybe it's time to explore the beauty of pallor! Let's check in on Lord Damien Star's Make-up Tips for the Bleak, reprinted with permission as it appeared in Ghastly, Issue III, copyright 1992:

Whiteface should create the illusion that you really are that pale, not that you have a bunch of makeup from Walgreens caked all over your face. Done badly, Gothic makeup can look painfully stupid. The following are some suggestions as to how to do it well:

#1: Use a good base: Not even the most gifted makeup artist can get the necessary coverage from inferior makeup. Some excellent and relatively inexpensive brands to experiment with are the Mattique and Visuelle Soft Ivory bases by L'Oreal, priced at approximately eight dollars for a bottle that should last about one month. Visuelle has a slightly better color but has a tendency to get oily as the evening progresses. I recommend it more for those with dry complexions. Mattique, on the other hand, is water-based and gives nearly perfect coverage, provided you blend it immediately. If you have dark skin, don't try to do whiteface unless you're going for a very stylized Harlequin look or are willing to put makeup on all exposed skin areas. Try using a base just one or two shades lighter than your own color and put white powder over it. This will give you an ethereal, almost grayish cast.

#2: After spending money on a decent base, take the trouble to apply it evenly. It's appalling how many Goths overlook something so basic and vital to their entire aes-

thetic. Equally bad and unfortunately just as frequent is the tendency to over-powder and the tendency to end one's pallor at the jawbone. I can understand someone having difficulty with liquid eyeliner, but some mistakes are just inexcusably stupid. Don't make them. #3: On the subject of eyeliner, liquid is better but if your hands shake by all means use the most expensive pencil you can afford. Two dollar pencils go on faint and will smudge after an hour. Do something original with your eye makeup: paint-by-the-numbers



Roz Williams, lead singer of seminal Goths Christian Death

Siouxie clones are abominations and cobwebs or bat wings drawn across the cheek look silly on anyone over the age of fifteen. On those under fifteen, however, such adornments are sure to attract the lecherous attention of the more jaded Goths in their late twenties and early thirties who will probably give you free speed if you prove sufficiently pliable.

#4: Find a shade of lipstick that not everybody else is wearing. Theatrical supply stores are the best for really deep shades of congealed blood red. Apply it with a lip brush for a more precise and severe effect.

#5: Wear your Bauhaus T-shirt to Ralph's, not out to clubs (unless, of course, you are under fifteen and want to capitalize on that waifish tweak orphan look). Strive for originality in your costume and avoid at all costs looking like a mannequin from Daljeets. For those doing vintage looks, realize that both the 18th century and the Victorian era have been done to death, so either do them better than anyone else or choose another time period. The 20s, 30s and 40s are largely untapped by Goths and have great potential. One could

dress as an emaciated opium-addicted flapper from the Alistaire Crowley set or pose as the Black Dahlia, a would-be actress from the 40s whose "gimmick" was that she had dyed her hair black and would only wear black clothing and whose ghastly mutilation murder remains unsolved to this day. The possibilities are limited only by the degree to which you have your heart set on looking like a character out of an Anne Rice novel. Also remember that black is not the only color. Deep blues, grays and greens, as well as blood red, purple and ivory, can be equally striking. If you're determined to wear only black, don't eat, work out a lot and wear very very little. If you're fat, experiment with drapery and/or corseted looks and avoid skin-tight clothing that makes you look like a sausage. Bear in mind, however, that one should strive to be as gaunt as possible, so make a fetish of hating food. People are more likely to think you're a vampire if they never see you eat.

#6: If you have scars on your wrists from suicide attempts by all means display them proudly. The same goes for bruises, cuts, and track marks. Abscesses, however, should always be coyly veiled in filthy black fabric. In conclusion, Gothic style should be as opulent, decadent, and individual as possible. If you're not up to making the effort necessary to carry off this most high maintenance of affectations, try wearing plaid shirts and listening to Nirvana instead.

One of the bands with a less graphic but equally intriguing name is God's Girlfriend, fronted by a transgenderist who calls herself Brigit Brat. Brigit's 1991 album entitled "Ritual Suicide Necrophiliac Blues" features 5-songs by this un-garden-variety-she-male-dominatrix. Brigit shows what she can do as a solo performer with the help of her personal midi-studio. The collection opens with a cover of the Mamma's and Papa's "California Dreaming," and as we find out, all the leaves are still brown and the sky is still gray. Speaking of gray skies, this is a steel gray sky and less gay or powder gray this time around! Brigit Brat's music is like smoke that hangs over the room. It grazes and whips us with dark measures strewn out under cobble stone walls. A crying guitar beats it's chest. The words are enshrouded in a dimly lit haze of thought swirls. Brigit whispers in dream-speech. Phrases merge and meander. A song is an x-axis with lyrics forming a wave pattern above, across and below it. God's Girlfriend is potentially eardrum-piercing and certainly music for body-part piercing. "Decadent industrial music for the dissolution of our current society," says the Nosferatu Catalog of God's Girlfriend, and we agree. From Under My Heels music. Send \$2 for a cool catalog and ordering instructions to Nosferatu Productions, P.O. Box 3535, Hollywood, CA 90078.



From left to right: Octavia Saint Laurent, Kim Pendavis, Dorian Corey, David Xtravaganza, Willi Ninja, Freddie Pendavis, Angie Xtravaganza, Pepper Labeija and Junior Labeija, co-stars of *Paris is Burning*, a film by Jennie Livingston, courtesy Prestige, a Division of Miramax Films. © 1991

Charmed By Dorian Corey

June 6, 1937 - August 29, 1993

The Mother With No House

As "Dragazine" was editing this interview with Dorian Corey of "Paris is Burning" fame, we received a sad phone call from the interviewer Gino Colbert. Dorian had just died from a long bout of pneumonia. It was a genuine shock for us, since the interview only took place less than six months prior. But Dragazine is proud to present what is probably one of Dorian's last interviews if not his last for our readers and share the uniqueness of this worldly and gentle soul in his own words, spoken to Colbert in Corey's New York City home.

Everyone was fascinated by "Paris is Burning," but those of us who knew you before know you were quite a name prior to the movie coming out. How did you get interested in Drag?

Naturally, I was always gay so I had that going for me. I was into fashion and fashion design. When I returned to my hometown of Buffalo, New York, I met a Drag Queen who worked at one of the stores of the same company where I worked as a fashion coordinator and window trimmer. She took me to my first drag show. I had never seen a drag show before and I was 21 years old. It just absolutely fascinated me! I gave up the job I was doing and became a professional drag queen. I went strictly headlong like a bullet from one job to the other. One minute I didn't own a dress and never wore one. The next minute I had a closet full of them and was in that business completely. Life finally caught up to me and said, "This is what you were looking for." I said this is what I wanted to do and did it! It was fabulous.

I started making my own gowns and putting together acts and tagging behind the show. Things were getting better and better until finally, I became a star of the show. That's how I got started, very abrupt. I wasn't wearing dresses out on the streets. I was a professional.

When we were in Buffalo, we formed a review called "The Pearl Box Review." We became more famous in Ohio, because we toured Ohio for a year. Then we went to Florida for six months playing every backwater town and what not. We made a record called "Call Me Miss Dirt" which was ridiculous, but it was just thrown together trying to exploit our popularity at the time. The show finally petered out because disco killed it. Live shows were murdered by disco. Remember, we worked and travelled with a band. I danced and stripped, but there were two singers in the show that sang live. I did only the production numbers and was a featured dancer. I started dancing with snakes so that became a strong drawing card.

When did you come to New York?

We went on tour like gypsies. We didn't have any permanent address. We just went from gig to gig, city to city. And then we came to New York. We had some ups and downs. The show broke up once and then it got back together in 1963 and we went to the mountains to Monticello. After the summer, after that gig fell, we just came on in to New York. Right then and there, this was going to become our home. I don't know if we knew we were going to stay as long as we

did, but it became home. There were five of us that stuck through it all.

The revue started in 1959 and I think that our last showing as a group had to be late 70's, early 80's. It wasn't that the group broke up. We still remained friends and all, but there was no place to work. We were down to just doing one night like dances and things, because there were no bars or nightclubs that would hire a band. Why should they pay a band a \$1,000 a night when they could hire a deejay for \$200? That's when all revues stopped. I never had to worry about work because I was forever sewing so I was as busy as hell anyway.

That's when I started hanging out downtown and ran into the pantomime crowd - lypsinching. I thought that was a whole new

"One minute I didn't own a dress and never wore one. The next minute I had a closet full of them..."

career again! I was fascinated by that because all my life I had been a dancer. Now through the magic of records, I could become a singer and never have to worry about having a voice!

Did you have formal dance training to become a dancer?

No, I had no formal training. You learned to dance. When I first joined the show, there were two more strippers. I watched their steps and learned their tricks. There was a female impersonator, Lalee McRae, a big person, six footer, but a superb dancer. She taught chorus routines. If you were in the show, unlike a big show, you're not only a featured performer, but if there was any chorus work needed, you did it. Lalee had been in Navy or the Army, one of the two, and was an expert dancer. She could do full six foot high kicks. It was just amazing. She taught me a lot of things. Don't forget, I was an exotic dancer. I danced with snakes so it wasn't how many steps I did as much as how exotic it was. It was really how much I perpetrated the snake with that sensual thing.

Did you have one snake back then?

No, sometimes I had as many as three or four, but they died. I had many during the course of those years that I worked with the show. I used to keep a log book and I think it

went almost to 100. I had six that I bought and two days later they were dead! That's because they were tropical snakes. It was very hard especially in winter because clubs would be drafty and dressing rooms cold. The snakes would catch pneumonia and there was nothing I could do about it. I tried my best to protect them.

There was one that I had that lasted a year. Her name was Lola and we had some times! I was working in Oswego, New York, and the hotel furnace went out. There was six feet of snow on the ground and the hotel came around to give us as many blankets as we wanted. I thought about the snake so I put about six or seven blankets on the bed piled high and the spread and the comforter and all and got into bed and put the Lola in there with me. The snake coiled right up by my stomach, went to sleep, didn't move a muscle and stayed all night. The snake wasn't crazy. It was warm in the bed and cold in the room. Lola was a very hardy snake and lasted a long time.

One of the funniest things that happened during my career was when we were working in Newburg, New York which is up the Hudson, where we checked into this sleazy hotel down by the railroad station. It was in the afternoon of a summer day. The show was going to be that night so I thought I'd take a little nap. I took the snake out of the box that I carried it in because I wanted to allow it to stretch itself out. I laid down and I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I couldn't find the snake. Then I realized the window was open. About two rooms down there was the snake crawling along the ledge. So I frantically ran out and knocked on the people's door. A man came to the door and the woman was in bed holding a sheet up. I said, "Excuse me! This is an emergency!" I dashed into their room and opened up the window and picked up my snake. The woman never stopped screaming, and I said, "Thank you!"

When you started dressing up, how did your family take it?

It wasn't a question of the family having to take it, because I didn't do it at home. I sat my mother down and explained to her the facts of life. But none of them has ever seen me dressed. I never worked that close to home. When I put on a dress, it was because I was going somewhere to get paid. I don't think they've even seen "Paris is Burning." I've disenfranchised myself from them. This sounds a little cold, but I have a brother and a sister. They lived in a small town, and I didn't

need to bring any new ways to them. No matter how understanding they would be, the town wouldn't. I had also gone to school there and that would have been a juicy piece of scandal! So I just stayed away from home.

I used to call my mother and write letters. She used to send me cologne and care packages while I was on the road. My mother told the others in the family that I was in fashion and I left it that way. Last time I went home it was 1962!

How did the offer to do "*Paris is Burning*" come about?

That was like another left-handed thing. We were having our Balls in 1984, 85, 86. It took Jennie Livingston five years to put the movie together. She just showed up at Paris's Ball when I was on the door taking tickets and came in with her crew. It was a case of people thinking, "Here's a little white girl coming to our Ball and wanting to photograph us," which was wonderful to us! She had all these big lights and everyone thought it was a camp. Making a movie? That's nice! She started filming little bits here and there. Finally, she approached me one day about doing an interview and said she was going to pay me a couple hundred dollars. Still no impact of this thing. She went around to all the children and got them all to do interviews and paid them with the grant money she had. She would disappear for a month or two and then she would suddenly show up flush again because she had received money from somewhere so she could go on. She had met the children down on the waterfronts voguing at night to boom box music and she had been filming them. That's what brought her to the Ball. She could never have discovered it in Harlem. I think that's what triggered her to think that voguing was a clever enough thing for her to make a documentary about. She pieced it all together.

In the meantime we became good friends. She got the movie together enough to show it at the New York Gay and Lesbian Film Festival before she even had the credits on it. We sat in there in that theater with our mouths hanging open. It was amazing what she had made. It was a real movie! Everyone was thunderstruck. Nobody had any idea! She had no idea it would be such a popular and successful movie. It ended up opening up a whole lot of cans of worms in as much as she showed it at the Film Forum Theatre, actually illegally showed it. She made enough money in that one theater to pay off the music rights. We're talking like somewhere upwards of \$60,000! You know that little movie was cooking! Once she had the music rights paid for, this movie slowly

became more commercial. Miramax sniffed it in the air and got into it and that's how it got distributed.

The most important things in the movie were when they talked about the Houses and the voguing. The voguing went nationwide. Suddenly the Ball Houses became quasi-celebrities. It was a whole world that none of us knew about. You know New York is just always greedy to pick up on new fads, so the Balls came downtown. Suddenly they became very big and very in, but just for a short while. Madonna came out with her record "Vogue." Then it all petered away and



Dorian in an early publicity shot as a showgirl.

we got onto something else. I don't know what they're doing downtown, but it ain't voguing. And the Balls are still going on, but it's not the same vibrancy or the same types. They keep changing.

What was your first Ball like?

My first Ball was in 1972-73. I won my first Ball in 1973. It was the Phil Black Funmaker Ball. We're talking about a Ball that had maybe 40 or 50 contestants and 1200 people sitting there who came to see. That was the old fashioned Ball. The Drag Queens walked in with big feather and what not and the audiences were not even gay. This was like a big show to them. They came to watch.

When the Houses started their little Balls uptown after that, everybody who came participated. Very few came just to watch. The Balls that are pictured in the movie are Balls, but they're really parties of peers. No stranger is coming to see you, but there always are a few. Mostly you came to participate to show the other House members what your House could do. It didn't matter that nobody was there who just came to be spectators. If they did, they were either just not walking that Ball or there were members of that House or they were friends from out of town.

The thing about a House is that just a group of you got together and called yourself a House. Then you're a House. You come to the Ball and you walk and parade and compete. And every time a contestant from your House walked, they called the House - "This is the House of Encore! New House!" That's how you got a reputation. If you were good, you had a popular House. If you're not, you didn't last too long. You disappeared into the woodwork. Houses come and Houses go.

Have you ever had your own House?

Yes, the House of Corey. But my House was really a cartoon House. All members were entertainers. I didn't have too many of the little children. I had a few, but I didn't have a lot because you've got to go back to the first rule - I sewed. I made costumes.

I got business from all the other Houses. There would be people from different Houses who would come to me to have an outfit made, because I was known to make Ball outfits.

I had a phantom House. I was known as the Mother with No House. The entertainers in my House and drag queens who did pantomimes would go to the Balls and walk, but they were not a threat to the children. They were known as professional people.

What do you think the significance of "*Paris is Burning*" was?

The fact that it existed put a lot of prestige and pride in the gay life. It was the first thing that was done decently. There wasn't the put down. It started out as just a documentary with everybody liking it, but as time went on, and they grossed this and made that, everybody started saying, "Hey! I didn't get nothing." Then it became a hateful thing to the point where Jenny could not go to a Ball. She could never go to another Ball. She'd have to run for her very life because they would attack her. They hate her! That's awful!

It was what it was and she promised to give some money to the major people and she did. She got Miramax to give her \$50,000 and she spread it around. That was like throwing

old shoes to the sharks. Pepper LaBejia thought that he should get \$50,000 all by himself. I said, Bette Davis didn't get \$50,000 when she made "Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte." It became ridiculous. Paris, whose name the title of the movie comes from, is suing them for \$30 million! The movie won't make that kind of money by the year 2015! There are those of us like myself who think it was the most marvelous thing that ever happened! By doing the movie, Miramax came in and promoted it and sent me on tour. I never would have gone to the places they sent me and paid for it. Limousines for me to speak at openings! I lived a life and loved it.

I think it was marvelous, and it sure left its mark. After that, if you came to a Ball with a camera, you had to be careful. Nobody wanted to be on film. These days, to do a sequel, you'd have to show them that there would be something in it for them. In other words it would have to be someone else doing it, not Jenny. Once you lose their trust, it's over. Right now we have trouble keeping places to give the Balls. I felt that some of the money could have gone back to keep the rent of the space going. That would have been fantastic. And there were comments made by certain people like Barry Swimar, Jenny's producer, that I remember distinctly when there was talk about money for education. There was a lot of talk that didn't come true.

Of course I would love to have been a little ink blot in the offices of Miramax and heard the hell that Jenny put them through because she's still fighting for money. So now, she's going to fight Disney who bought Miramax. She's been trying to sue for an audit, because she thinks they owe her. It was a long time before she got that first money.

What do you think of Madonna?

I met Madonna. She had seen me in the movie and called me for an open audition to be in her book "Sex." I felt like I would have been the perfect thing for it. But I look back on it and realize that she was very nice and we chatted, but I think my sheer physical presence overpowered her.

I never got to be in the book, but I went to her party. She sent me a fabulous invitation to come to the party she had for publication. All the paparazzi! I met a lot of people there - Spike Lee, Grace Jones, Naomi Campbell. I met Robin Leach on the way to the bathroom and said, "Oh, the Rich and Famous!" and he said, "Even the Rich and Famous have to pee!"

Did you ever meet Divine?

Loved her! I won a Ball at a place called The Ice Palace on 57th Street. She was out pumping her records so she was emceeing the

Ball. When I won, I went up on stage and stood by her. I was dressed like Marie Antoinette with all these bosoms hanging out, and she says, "How'd you get all those titties?" And me, having nothing better to do than be a smart ass said, "I hold my breath." And she said, "Well, everybody stand back, 'cause if the bitch ever farts, we'll all be blown outta here!" Couldn't get the last word on Divine!

In this business, how does one age gracefully?

What was a great help was the fact that I worked in a live show. Once you've been an entertainer, you have that thing with audiences and you don't lose it. Someone asked if I was still dancing. Only half way, honey! I can get down to the floor, but I can't get up.



Dorian Corey and friend Gina Germaine

Pantomime is the perfect graduation. Everything I have done came along at the right time. I was in my 20's and could dance all night long. When pantomime came along, I was older and it wasn't so pressing. I had all the stage presence and I made my own costumes. Pantomime is the illusion and that sort of fits because that's what drags are. All of it is an illusion.

Do you find that many of your Queen friends have wanted to become pre-op transsexuals?

No, thank God! I'm so glad children are not jumping in line to get their sex changed right away. I've met so many transsexuals who have been through the operation and they still come to the club. It just stands to reason. If you're getting the operation, it's because you're suppose to be considering yourself a woman. Therefore you're suppose to go out and mingle with other women and men. The drag life should no longer be anything you want or have any association with. They for-

get that you can change the body, but you can't always change the mind. Your friends are still there, your way of life is still there and then the transsexual becomes frustrated and lonely. It's a case of "Why did I go through this when nothing has changed?" It's still the same life.

The ones that stop coming to the clubs are the exception, not the rule. That's why they are so prone to suicide. Any girl out there who reads this, if you want to get a sex change, you should have no gay friends and you shouldn't go to gay clubs. If you still have gay friends and go to gay clubs, don't get a sex change, because you're not ready.

Were you living here during Stonewall?

I was here, but I was in Harlem. There was no connection between the uptown Black Drag Queen and the downtown Greenwich Village bunch, and it's still that way. The Village Queens do not come to where I work and yet, I've worked in some of their clubs, but they don't intermingle.

It's not so much a case of color anymore. It's a case of locale. The downtown girl doesn't come uptown. The girls in the Village, especially on the east side, you couldn't drag them to Midtown. They're terrified of the place, because they think 42nd Street is rough. With drag queens, there's that stigma. It's just like Fire Island. Fire Island children wouldn't come to anybody's club. They stay on the island.

But there's a lot of white drag queens in New York. The girls of color, the Spanish and black, are more prevalent, because we're more obvious. We're Midtownish and out. When you want to see a lot of white drag queens, you go to the Wigstock function. You get a park with 3000-4000 gay people and there's got to be at least 1000 drag queens there. Most of them are white and Village children. They'll all be outlandish. For survival, the black children are the drag queens that live in drag whereas the white children don't. They put on their dresses and have fun and party. Then they put on their suits and go to a job.

Do you have any plans of writing a book?

Yes, I do. The typewriter is set up in the other room right now. If I could just get to it! I've got to get to it while things are still fresh. There's my show biz career and there's my Ball life. We've got to show how they affected each other. I'd love to do another movie. I wouldn't turn down anything if I thought I could do it!

Would you like to say any words to the readers of "Dragazine"?

I've never read it!



